Your favourite doll comes to life in...

Barbie™ ANNUAL 1986

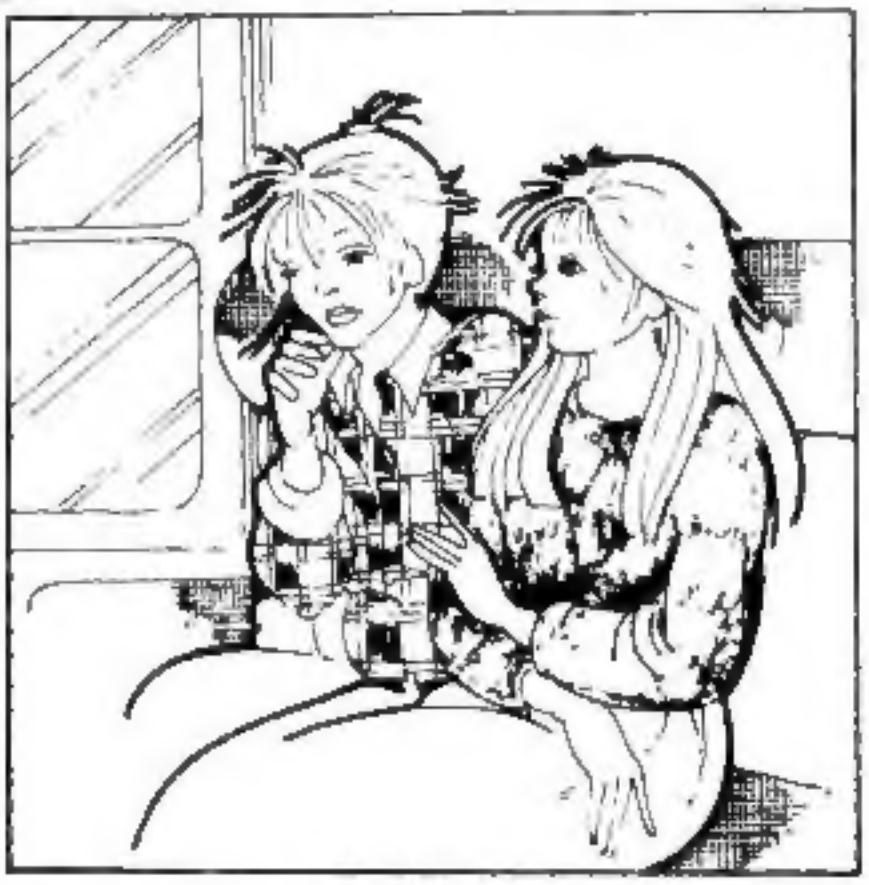
A FLEETWAY ANNUAL

PACKED WITH WONDERFUL PICTURE STORIES

PLUS

POP PIN-UPS, QUIZZES, PUZZLES AND LOTS MORE!

Barbie Presents...



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BARBIE WINS THROUGH

One morning, Barbie was summoned to her modelling agency to hear some exciting news from Mrs Kitson.

GOSH!

GOLDEN-GLO PRODUCTS ARE LOOKING FOR A SPECIAL GIRL TO FEATURE IN A BIG NEW ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN. THE CONTRACT WILL BE WORTH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS.

HOW EXCITING!

HE WANTS TO MEET YOU PERSONALLY THIS AFTERNOON. HIS GOLDEN GIRL MUST BE ATTRACTIVE, HEALTHY, FUN – AND HAVE A LIVELY PERSONALITY.

CRUMBS, I'D BETTER GO OFF AND HAVE AN OVERHAUL!

MR DAVENPORT, THE DIRECTOR, HAS BEEN LOOKING THROUGH OUR PHOTOGRAPHS, AND HAS DECIDED THAT ONE OF YOU THREE: BARBIE, ALISON OR KATE, ARE TO BE THEIR GOLDEN GIRL!

SUPER!

HOWEVER WILL HE CHOOSE?

FULL BEAUTY TREATMENT DOWNSTAIRS, GIRLS – AND BE BACK HERE BY TWO O'CLOCK!

WE WON'T BE LATE!

NOT FOR SOMETHING LIKE THE GOLDEN GIRL CONTRACT!

BEAUTY SALON

BAGS FIRST IN THE SAUNA, GIRLS! SEE YOU LATER.

OKAY, ALISON.

They soon discovered the reason. . .

ITCHING POWDER! SOMEONE'S PUT IT IN THE DRUM OF TALCUM!

OH NO! WE CAN'T GO IN FRONT OF MR DAVENPORT SCRATCHING LIKE A COUPLE OF DOGS!

BUT BARBIE, WHO'D DO A THING LIKE THAT TO US?

I WONDER. . .?

I'M GOING FOR A QUICK JACUZZI! DON'T SCRATCH TOO MUCH IN FRONT OF MR DAVENPORT, WILL YOU, GIRLS? I DON'T THINK IT'S QUITE THE GOLDEN GIRL IMAGE

WELL!

I THOUGHT SO – IT WAS SHE WHO LOCKED US IN THE SAUNA, TOO, SHE WANTS TO MAKE SURE SHE'S CHOSEN AS THE GOLDEN GIRL!

And then Alison arrived, and confirmed Barbie's suspicions. . .

HI, GIRLS! READY AND RELAXED? ALL SET TO HEAR THE BIG DECISION?

AS A MATTER OF FACT WE'RE FAR FROM RELAXED – SOMEONE'S PUT ITCHING POWDER IN THE TALC!

TUT–TUT. WHOEVER WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?

AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE SHE'S NOT! I'M JUST POPPING OUT TO THE SHOPS

B. . . BUT. . .

And Barbie was soon back with. . .

GREEN DYE! QUITE AN APPROPRIATE COLOUR FOR ALISON, DON'T YOU THINK? I'M GOING TO PUT IT IN HER JACUZZI WATER!

THE GIRL'S BRILLIANT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

IT'S REALLY EXCITING, ISN'T IT? NOW, I WONDER IF MR DAVENPORT LIKES HAIR UP...OR DOWN?

HMM...I WONDER IF HE LIKES BLONDES OR BRUNETTES?

I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, BARBIE, I'D REALLY LIKE TO WIN THIS

ME TOO!

NOT JUST FOR ME – DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO MRS KITSON, WILL YOU – BUT MY KID SISTER'S SERIOUSLY ILL. THE FAMILY'S TRYING TO GET THE MONEY TO SEND HER TO AMERICA FOR AN OPERATION.

OH DEAR.

POOR KATE. I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF IT WAS SKIPPER...

STILL, I'D BETTER TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT. I DON'T WANT WORRY LINES ALL OVER MY FACE.

And Kate went off for a work-out on the exercise bike...

...while Barbie had a face-pack and then made for the sauna.

OH, HI, KATE! SHALL WE GO IN TOGETHER?

And the two girls gently steamed and relaxed for ten minutes or so, until...

I'M FOR A SHOWER HEY! THIS DOOR'S LOCKED!

IT CAN'T BE! I'LL BE POACHED IF I STAY HERE MUCH LONGER.

But it was well and truly jammed. . . someone on the other side was making sure of that.

I'LL LEAVE THEM LOCKED IN WHILE I TAKE A LONG TIME MAKING MYSELF LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

HELP! WE'LL FRY IN HERE!

It was gone two o'clock by the time anyone heard them.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT — THE WOOD HAD SOMEHOW SLIPPED DOWN.

PHEW! OH, THANKS A LOT, SANDY!

AM I GLAD TO BE OUT OF THERE!

And though there was no real harm done, Barbie and Kate looked more like lobsters than golden girls. . .

GOOD HEAVENS, GIRLS! ER. . . THIS IS MR DAVENPORT.

SO SORRY! THERE WAS A. . . ER. . . MISHAP DOWNSTAIRS.

WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE?

IT'S NO GOOD. I FEEL WHACKED — AND I KNOW I LOOK LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH.

And when a puzzled Mr Davenport left, saying he'd be back to make his final decision the next day. . .

KATE! BARBIE! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT MR DAVENPORT THOUGHT I CAN'T IMAGINE!

IT'S JUST AS WELL I WAS HERE, MRS KITSON, WASN'T IT?

And the next day. . .

MR DAVENPORT WILL BE HERE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, THAT GIVES US AN HOUR AND A HALF TO GET READY. AND NO SAUNA FOR ME TODAY!

NOT FOR ME, EITHER!

JUST A SHOWER AND A NEW HAIR-DO. . . AND THEN I'M GOING TO SLIP INTO SOMETHING GLAMOROUS

The girls were painted and powdered and almost ready, when. . .

CRUMBS. . . I'M ITCHING ALL OVER. ARE YOU?

NOW YOU COME TO MENTION IT. . . YEOUCH! YES!

AGGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING... THE WATER'S TURNED GREEN AND SO HAVE I!

And when Alison came out...

I CAN'T FACE MR DAVENPORT LOOKING LIKE THIS!

WELL, REALLY, ALISON – YOU LOOK LIKE THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

TUT–TUT. WHOEVER WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?

ALISON HAS ASKED US TO SAY THAT SHE DOESN'T WISH TO BE CONSIDERED AS THE GOLDEN GIRL ANY LONGER.

THAT'S TOO BAD. SO IT'S JUST BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU?

And a few moments later...

JUST WALK UP AND DOWN A FEW TIMES FOR ME, WILL YOU, GIRLS?

YOU'RE BOTH VERY LOVELY GIRLS – BUT YOU, BARBIE, ARE JUST A LITTLE TOO PLUMP FOR THE HEALTH AND FITNESS IMAGE I WANT TO GET OVER. SO I'VE DECIDED THAT KATE SHOULD BE THE GOLDEN GIRL!

And when everyone had gone...

KATE! I'M SO THRILLED FOR YOU!

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

NOW JENNY WILL BE ABLE TO HAVE HER OPERATION.

THERE'LL BE OTHER CHANCES FOR ME...BUT MAYBE NOT FOR KATE'S KID SISTER. I JUST WANTED YOU TO SEE, FOLKS, THAT I'M NOT ALL I'M PLUMPED UP TO BE!

THE END

ARE YOU NICE

So how do you rate yourself as a friend? Or, more importantly, how do your friends rate you? If you can bear to find out – follow on . . .

1 Just as the bus pulls up, your friend discovers she's lost her bus pass. You:
a) Lend her the fare?
b) Wave to her from the top deck as the bus pulls off?
c) Miss the bus and offer to walk home with her?

2 You've won tickets for a Wham! concert. You're not a fan – but your friend is. Do you:
a) Ask her to come with you?
b) Sell them to her?
c) Send them back?

3 Your friend's got beautiful long hair which, secretly, you've always been envious of. She's talking about getting it cut. Do you:
a) Offer to cut it for her?
b) Talk her out of it?
c) Say 'About time too – long hair's so old-fashioned'?

TO KNOW? ★

4 You're in a happy jolly mood when you bump into your friend who looks close to tears. You:
a) Pretend you haven't seen her. You can't bear moaners?
b) Tell a few jokes in an effort to cheer her up?
c) Offer her a shoulder to cry on AND a sympathetic ear.

5 You've both been invited to a party. But your friend's mum won't let her go because she's worried about what may happen. You:
a) Persuade her to come anyway without telling her mum?
b) Persuade her mum to call the hostess' mum to check it's all above board?
c) Go on your own?

6 There's your friend trying on a pair of jeans which make her look like an overweight elephant. She's about to buy them. You:
a) Grab another, more flattering style off the rails and suggest she tries those instead?
b) Giggle all the way home?
c) Suggest she loses a bit of weight before she actually wears them?

7 Your friend's mum is insisting that she takes her kid sister along on Saturday shopping trips. You wouldn't mind but the kid's a real brat. Do you:
a) Go shopping on your own in future?
b) Pool your money and bribe her with chips and a milkshake if she's good?
c) Encourage your mate to slip out while her sister's busy?

8 It's Monday morning. And your friend still hasn't finished her homework. Would you:
a) Let her copy yours?
b) Give her a lecture about the importance of school work?
c) Look forward to the row it should cause. It'll waste a good ten minutes of the maths period?

YOUR SCORE

1.	a) 10	b) 0	c) 5
2.	a) 10	b) 0	c) 5
3.	a) 5	b) 10	c) 0
4.	a) 0	b) 5	c) 10
5.	a) 5	b) 10	c) 0
6.	a) 10	b) 0	c) 5
7.	a) 0	b) 10	c) 5
8.	a) 10	b) 5	c) 0

HOW DID YOU GET ON?

55–80: Short of friends? We doubt it. You're just what everyone looks for in a friend. Warm, caring and full of helpful, good advice.

You're good fun, too. A perfect combination.

25–50: Your heart's in the right place. It's your brain that lets you down a bit. You do care for your friends. But it's obvious who you care most for. Yourself! Try to be a little less selfish and you too could turn out to be a three star mate.

0–20: Oh dear. Friends like you are few and far between – thank goodness. You've got a bitchy, jealous and totally non-caring attitude. And if you don't change, the only friends you're likely to keep are the ones just like you.

SKIPPER FLUFFS THINGS UP!

I was in the kitchen getting Fluff her breakfast when I noticed the label on her tin of Pussomix. "Win your cat a dream home! Win yourself a dream holiday!" it said. "See inside for further details."

Well, I love going in for competitions and got so involved hunting for the scissors and getting the label off without tearing it that I quite forgot Fluff. She was climbing up my legs and miaowing like anything before I remembered what I was in the kitchen for in the first place.

"Sorry, Fluff," I said, tickling her head, and then I carried on opening the tin and spooning out the food. "Lovely rabbit!" I said, trying not to shudder. The sight of Fluff's food first thing in the morning gives me quite a turn, really it does.

* * *

Fluff fed, I spread the Pussomix label out on the worktop.

"Win your pet a dream home! As seen in Harridges. A superluxury pet house, raised out of draughts, complete with separate feeding compartment, scratching post and its own matching curtains and cushions."

I looked at the picture of it and giggled. It was like a cat's Buckingham Palace, if you know what I mean. It was a big square thing, raised off the ground on four legs, the cushions and curtains were velvet and there was a gold-braided canopy all round it.

* * *

"Would you like that?" I said to Fluff, but she was too busy eating to answer.

"I think you would," I said, and then I went on to read the rest of the label to see what else you could win – a super holiday anywhere in the world!

A holiday was just what I wanted. I was fed up with Barbie jetting off all over the place, modelling swimsuits in Bermuda and ski-wear in Switzerland, *I* wanted to go somewhere exciting, too."

'Choose an action-packed two weeks in Disneyland, or just relax on a cruise ship – the choice is yours!' I read.

"That," I said to myself, "is for me." I'd always wanted to go to Disneyland. I carried on reading the small print. All you had to do was to put photographs of cats in order of prettiness. There was a Persian, a Siamese, two tabbies, one fluffy white one, a black one and a ginger one. Seven cats altogether.

* * *

"And none of them is as pretty as you, Fluff!" I said as she finished her breakfast and looked up at me hopefully for more.

I looked at the label again, then dived into the cupboard where Mrs M kept her stock of tins. With a bit of luck there would be several other Pussomix labels I could use.

There was just one other, though. Fluff's a funny cat, she eats a certain brand for a few weeks and then goes off it and wants a change. A bit like us, I suppose, much as I love hamburgers I wouldn't want them for breakfast, lunch and tea! Mrs M, then, doesn't usually carry big stocks of cat food in case Fluff changes her mind and goes off whatever it is she's eating.

I sat down at the table with the labels and looked at them carefully. Fluff jumped up on my lap. "Now, this has all got to be worked out carefully," I said to her. "Which cat do *you* think is the prettiest as I point. Miaow once for yes, twice for no." But she just looked up at me and carried on purring and pounding up and down with her paws on my leg.

* * *

Of course, I knew it all depended who the judge was and what sort of cat *he* happened to have. If he had a Siamese then he'd think that was the prettiest, naturally, but if he had a fat tabby . . .

* * *

I sighed, *this* wasn't getting me anywhere. I'd have to work it out some other way. I closed my eyes and could picture myself there in Disneyland; going on the rides, swooping down the waterchutes, frightened to death on the ghost train – ooh, it would be wonderful! Fluff dug her claws in me and I opened my eyes and looked at her.

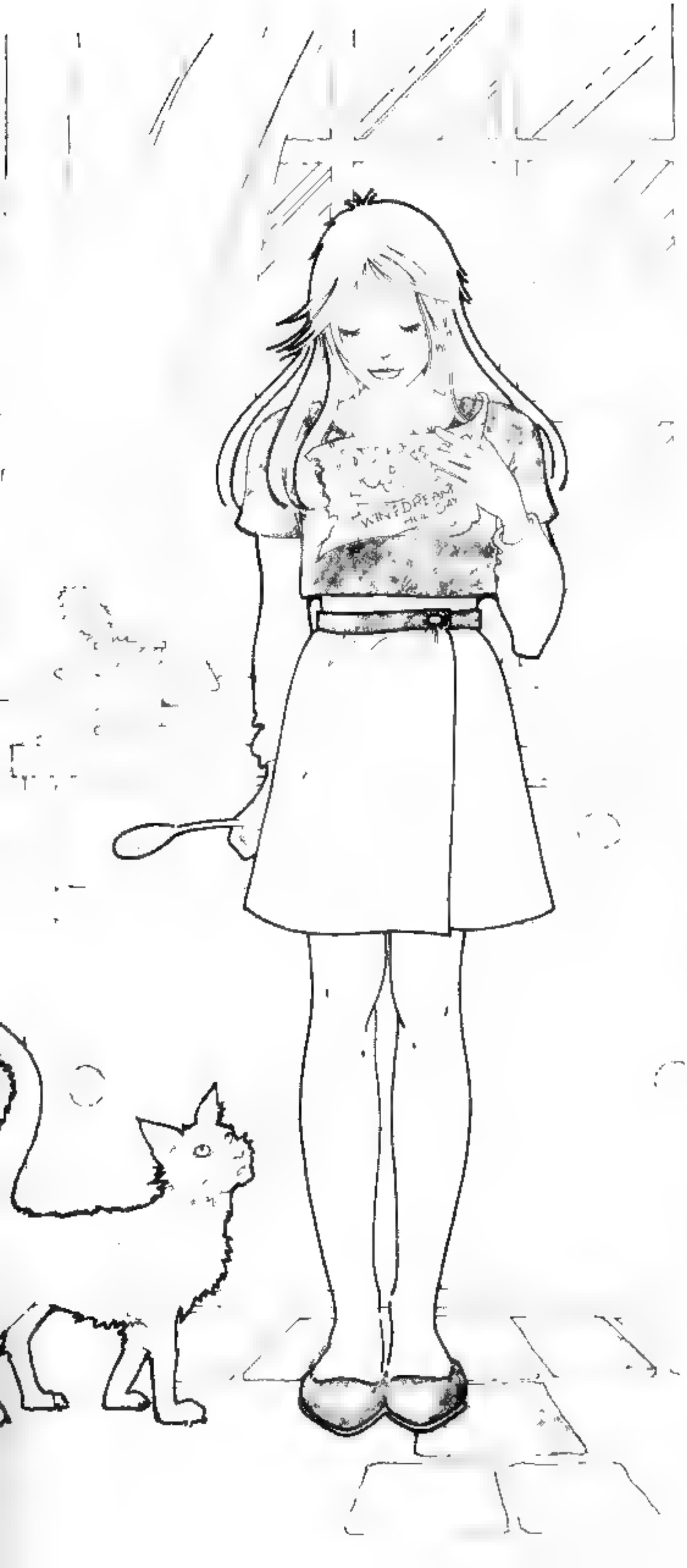
"It's all right," I assured her, "you wouldn't have to come. You could stay here in your luxury pet home."

I reached for a pen, thinking deeply. The fluffy white cat first, I thought, and then the Persian.

"Just a minute, though!" I said to Fluff. "I ought to do it properly – work it all out on my computer. There can only be so many different combinations."

Mrs M bustled in and looked at me strangely. "I thought I heard you talking to someone," she said.

"Only Fluff!"



"Well, love," she said, "if you and Fluff would care to go into the other room and finish your conversation, I can lay the table for breakfast."

"Okay, Mrs M," I said, and I took my labels and went out. I didn't want to tell her or Barbie what I was doing because I knew they'd laugh at me. Barbie's always telling me I shouldn't waste money on stamps going in for all the competitions that I do. "They get so many thousands of entries you just don't stand a chance," she says.

* * *

This time, though, I intended to prove her wrong. I was going to work it all out properly, spend some of my pocket money on new tins so I'd have more of a chance. Why, even if I didn't win the first prize of a dream holiday, surely I'd win one of the twenty luxury pet homes they were giving as consolation prizes!

"You're going to have the best house in the world!" I said, hugging an astonished Fluff.

After breakfast I shut myself in my bedroom and worked out how many tins I'd need – hundreds and hundreds! I couldn't believe how many different combinations of numbers there were. I looked hard at the photographs. I'd have to choose my top two cats and stick to them as first and second throughout, just varying the order.

* * *

The next thing was to buy more cat food – and I still didn't want to tell Mrs M because I knew she'd try and talk me out of it. I just went down to the corner shop with three weeks' pocket money and bought thirty tins – making sure they all had the competition label on, of course.

I put them all in a cardboard box and heaved them onto the desk to pay.

"What's this?" Mrs Cotton the shopkeeper said. "Don't tell me you're starting a cats' home!"

I giggled. "Of course not."

"Well, then . . . don't tell me, your Fluff's having kittens – about twenty of them!"

"Not that either!"

"Then you and your sister must

be opening a cats' holiday home!"

"Not that either," I said, and I jiggled the money I held, impatient to pay her and be away. I crossed my fingers. "It's just that Fluff really likes this brand," I fibbed. "I want to make sure we don't ever run out of it."

Luckily, she didn't get the tins out of the box or she might have realised what I was really up to

I got the box of Pussomix home – boy, was it heavy! – by tying it onto the back of my bike and wheeling it back Once I got in, I took it up to my room and carefully took all the labels off and flattened them. This done, I got the computer going and started writing down the different combinations of numbers, filling them in on the labels as I went Once I'd finished *that* I filled in my name and address thirty times and in the space where it said 'If you win a dream holiday where would you like to go?' I put DISNEYLAND very big

By the time I'd finished, my hand was aching It was worth it, though! I got a large brown envelope, put all the entries in and looked wistfully at the computer It was still coming up with loads of new combinations of numbers, I'd hardly done any at all really. If I wanted to win, really wanted to win, then I'd have to send in lots more entries

I reached up on the shelf for my post office book. I'd been saving up for my holidays but then I was going to win a holiday, wasn't I? So it wouldn't matter if I used the money ... without telling anyone

I felt a bit guilty creeping down to the post office - but I thought of Disneyland some more and felt better. I took enough out to buy four crates of cat food and breezed into the corner shop

"Well, bless my soul!" Mrs Cotton said. "You opening a cats' restaurant or something?"

"No, not that," I said slowly. I didn't want to, but I knew I'd have to tell her. "It's a competition you see, you can win a luxury pet home and a dream holiday – so when you order the tins I specially want the ones with the right labels on."

"Well!" she said, fanning herself with a duster. "Well, I never!" She looked at me and frowned. "Now, does Mrs M know about all this, Skipper?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I want it to be a surprise."

"Because I don't really know that I ought ."

"It *is* my own money," I said firmly, "and we have *got* a cat. I expect Mrs M will buy the tins off me when she needs them."

"Oh, well ..." she said She disappeared into the back room to telephone and came out a few minutes later "They'll be here on Saturday. We'll deliver them to you in the van."

"Thank you very much," I said. "I'll send you a post card from Disneyland."

The crates of Pussomix arrived while Mrs M was out shopping, luckily Barbie was in but she was on the phone to Ken so didn't hear when the men arrived and carted the crates to my room.

When they'd gone I unpacked them, then just sat and stared at the mountain of tins in front of me What a job I'd set myself!

Still, there was nothing else for it I pinned a note on my door saying "Please do not disturb", got a pair of scissors and started on my first label ..

By six o'clock that evening I was exhausted – and I still hadn't quite finished filling them in.

Someone rapped on my door. "Come along now, Skipper – supper!" Mrs M called. "And none of that nonsense about staying in your room for it like you did at lunchtime."

I sighed loudly – though actually I would be quite pleased to get out of my room. The way I felt then I would *scream* if I saw another tin of Pussomix

"On the table!" Mrs M called, and I came out of my room and met Barbie coming along the landing

"What on earth have you been doing all day?" she said, trying to peer over my shoulder

"You'll know soon enough," I said mysteriously. It made a change for me to have a secret, Barbie *always* had them. I'd tell her and Mrs M the truth as soon as I got the labels safely in the post, I decided. They'd have to know soon – Mrs M could hardly get in my room to clean it for tins!

We tucked into our supper – and while we were eating it Fluff came in and started miaowing.

"I'll feed you in a minute," Mrs M said, "though you're getting greedy – you've already had a snack at lunchtime." When we'd finished our spaghetti Barbie and I started on apple pie while Mrs M got out a tin of cat food to feed Fluff. She spooned it into her bowl and put it on the floor.

"Well!" she said suddenly, "just look at this!"

We looked and I groaned quietly to myself. She was holding up a tin of Pussomix

"A competition! You like going in for competitions, don't you, Skipper?"

I nodded, wondering what was coming next.

"And this one looks right up your street," she went on. "You can win a dream home for your pet and a dream holiday for yourself. Why don't you have a try?"

"Well ..." I began. Now was the moment, I decided, to tell them how clever I'd been. Why had I thought they'd be against it? Why, they'd probably be amazed at my good sense, at the way I'd used my computer so efficiently and worked everything out ...

I coughed. "Actually ..." I said, and then was interrupted by Mrs M

"Oh dear, no – you can't go in for it," she said. "The closing date was yesterday!"

I gave a shriek and Mrs M and Barbie both looked at me in amazement.

"Whatever's wrong?" Barbie asked. "It's not that important that you go in for the competition, is it?"

"I ... but ... they ..." I spluttered. But there was worse to come. Mrs M's attention was suddenly switched from me to Fluff, who'd walked away from her bowl and was sitting in the middle of the kitchen, daintily washing her whiskers.

"Well, look at that!" Mrs M said with exasperation, "Fluff's gone off that Pussomix – hasn't touched a morsel of it. Good job I only bought one tin, isn't it?"

Barbie nodded in agreement and I ... well, I just gave another, louder shriek. Anyone want to buy three crates of cat food with the labels off?

THE SMELL OF SUCCESS!

Even though he had a very fast car Ken always kept his promise to Barbie to take good care of himself

Barbie

I'LL DROP YOU OFF HOME AND COME OVER LATER BARBIE

THAT'S FINE KEN I'LL COOK SASPECIAL MEAL

WILL YOU MAKE MY FAVOURITE BARBIE? STEAK AND MUSHROOM PIE

OKAY THERE'LL BE LASHINGS OF GRAVY TOO

EVEN IF BARBIE WASN'T A GOOD LOOKER I'D STILL THINK SHE'S FANTASTIC

CAN I HELP YOU A ANOTHER BARBIE

NO NO DON'T WORRY MRS MATT I'M JUST PLANNING A MEAL FOR KEN

LOVE CREATING SOMETHING SPECIAL OUT OF NOTHING

WHAT AN IDIOT! HE MUST BE GOING WELL OVER THE SPEED LIMIT

HERE COME THREE MORE BIKERS PROBABLY PART OF THE SAME GANG

CHOPPING ONIONS ALWAYS MAKES ME CRY SNIFF SNIFF

THIS S GETTING DANGEROUS THEY HAVEN T SEEN THAT LORRY

I HAVE TO SWERVE OR ONE OF THEM S DONE FOR

A MASTERPIECE EVEN IF SAY SO MYSELF

AARGGGGGGG

TD.

THAT LL BE KEN TO SAY HE S GO NG TO BE LATE SHOULD MAGINE

IT IT S THE HOSP TAL FOR OU

HOSPITAL? WHAT

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO KEN CAN'T IT

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

MRS MATT! THANK HEAVENS YOU RE ST L THERE! GRAB A TAXI STRAIGHT AWAY AND BRING THE P E W TH YOU FROM THE OVEN!

RARB E? IS IT YOU? YOU RE ALL FUZZY BUT I CAN SMELL STEAK AND MUSHROOM PIE!
OF COURSE YOU CAN KEN MADE THAT FOR YOUR DINNER

THERE'S JUST ONE THING THOUGH BARB E WHERE'S THE GRAVY ?

THE END

Barbie

DURAN DURAN

TIME FOR

FIRST STEPS

Always try and get a good night's sleep. Don't stay up, watching telly, just for the sake of it, if you're not really enjoying the programme. Start forming good habits now, because you'll only end up with bags/dark circles under your eyes and that's not a pretty sight!

You know that awful feeling when the alarm goes off in the morning and you're too tired to move? It's not much fun, is it? When you know you've got to get up early, make sure you have the right amount of sleep your body needs so that you can get up without too much difficulty.

SNACKS

Try to avoid late night snacks. In fact, after you've eaten your evening meal you shouldn't need to eat much at all, so lay off late night buns, cakes, sandwiches, pies and biscuits, and you'll feel much better for it. Try it and see.

If you must eat in the evening you're much wiser sticking to fruit. An apple, orange, a few raisins or grapes are much healthier for you than the things mentioned before.

CLEAN UP

Always wash your face and hands before you go to bed. When you start to use make-up you'll have to make sure you remove all traces from your face, otherwise you may get a nasty crop of spots.

You may like to have a bath before you climb into bed. If

BED...

Have you met B.B.? He's Barbie's bear. Dreamtime Barbie is going to tell you all her bedtime beauty secrets, so read on and you'll be able to follow Barbie's routine.

so, make sure that the water isn't too hot. It's not very relaxing if the water turns your skin red. Also, don't stay so long in the bath that your skin starts to wrinkle.

Use a favourite bath oil or foam and have a quick soak. Match up the same fragrance with soap and talcum powder — you'll smell and feel wonderful!

Climb out and dry yourself briskly with a bath towel. Sprinkle on some talcum powder, slip into a clean nightie, and you're ready to clean your teeth. One word of warning here, before you leave the bathroom. It's never too early to learn how to clean a bath. You should never leave the bath with a dirty ring round it, waiting for some other member of your family to come along and clean it for you.

GET BRUSHING

You should never go to bed without cleaning your teeth. It's important to remove all particles of food from your mouth before you go to sleep. So no matter how tired you feel, force yourself to spend a few minutes cleaning them —it'll be worth it!

Obviously, after you've cleaned your teeth you shouldn't eat anything, so make it one of the last jobs you do. Always brush your teeth in a circular motion, paying special attention to any teeth tucked away at the back of your mouth.

If you've had the same toothbrush for more than a few months, ask Mum if she could replace it for you. Rinse your mouth and toothbrush thoroughly, and that's another job done!

TAKE IT EASY

It used to be a well known saying that you should brush your hair at least 100 strokes a day. If you've got hair which tends to be on the greasy side, this is a particularly bad idea, as all that will happen is that your hair will get even greasier. Get to know the amount which is right for your own hair and stick to it. Barbie has her own brush and comb which she uses for her hair and for B.B. too.

DROP OFF

Once you're actually in bed you may like to read for a while. Choose a book or magazine which won't keep you up half the night and read for ten minutes or so until you begin to drop off. Don't read unless the light by your bed is bright enough for you to see the print without straining your eyes.

Unless it's foggy or bitterly cold, try to always keep your bedroom window open slightly so you've got fresh air coming in through the night.

If you're a light sleeper, sleep with your bedroom door firmly closed, otherwise Mum and Dad may wake you up when they go to bed.

Heavy sleepers should always leave the door open so any early morning noise will hopefully help to rouse them from their deep sleep.

All that remains is for us to say 'Good night and sweet dreams!'

BARBIE'S TEN POINT BEDTIME CHECK!

1 Eat early on in the evening

* * *

2 No snacks late at night

* * *

3 Have a milky drink before you clean your teeth. If you have trouble getting to sleep

4 Don't leave your homework until the last minute

5 Don't stay glued to the telly all evening

6 Make sure your bath is the right temperature

* * *

7 Clean the bath before you leave the bathroom

* * *

8 Never forget to clean your teeth

9 Brush your hair and remove all make up

* * *

10 Leave your window open to allow fresh air in

BARBIE CUT-

OUT-AND-KEEP

THE MAGIC IN THE MIRROR

It was a very pretty mirror. Its frame was gold, and made up of carved flowers which twisted and wound themselves round its delicate oval shape. The mirror itself had a sort of ridge cut around it. Mum said that it was 'bevelled' — to me it just meant that when a certain light fell on it, it was like there was a rainbow curving around it.

Mum discovered it in an antique shop in town. She's always messing about in old shops, bringing bits and pieces of things home, washing and polishing them and putting them on display round the house. Dad thinks she's mad, says they're just dust collectors, but Mum doesn't care, just goes right ahead buying more!

I happened to be with her when she found the mirror.

"Look, Danielle!" she said. "Isn't this lovely?"

I screwed up my nose. The mirror was grimy and dusty and, because there was hardly any light in the back of the shop, showed no sign of the rainbow round the edges. "If you like that sort of thing," I said

"But it's gorgeous! And just right for your room. We could hang it longways, by the door. You need a full-length mirror in there."

"Do I?" I said. Mum was always buying me stuff for my room; old-fashioned brass and wood stuff when I would really rather have had modern things.

"A long mirror for when you start taking an interest in your appearance," she said, and then laughed, "though goodness knows when that will be."

Mr Bird, the shop owner, approached her and they started chatting. I thought that Mum was probably one of his best customers, she hardly ever walked out of the shop empty-handed.

I wandered off and left them to it, picking up things and putting them down again as I went — old-fashioned bellows for getting a fire going, a warming-pan, brass candlesticks all tarnished with age, some china tea pots without lids, a high pile of odd saucers, small wooden boxes covered with dust. There was no end to the stuff in here. Where on earth did it all *come* from?

I wandered back, Mum was still deep in conversation. "It's a lovely piece," I heard Mr Bird saying. I looked out of the window towards the shop opposite — a modern kitchen shop where everything within sight was crisp white and shiny pillar-box red. My friend Caroline had a bedroom like that, neat and clean and dazzlingly modern.

"My mum lives in the present," she'd said to me, looking round at my bedroom with its brass bedstead and lace curtains, "not in the past!"

I'd felt quite embarrassed. "She just likes old things," I'd mumbled.

'I reckon I'll be seeing you at school in a long dress with a bustle at the back one day soon!" Caroline had said, and laughed.

On the whole, though, I didn't much mind. It kept Mum happy so I just let her get on with it!

When I went back to Mum she was paying Mr Bird and he was looking pleased.

"I've bought it!" she exclaimed. "I think it'll be perfect for your room."

"And a snip at the price, madam," he said. "You've bought yourself a little piece of history there. That mirror would be able to tell a tale or two, I bet."

I asked Mum what he'd meant as we struggled out of the shop with it.

"Well, it came from Trerose Manor, a very old country house," she explained. "A lord and lady once owned it."

"And what happened to them?"

"Well, when they died without leaving any heirs, the house and all its contents had to be sold. That's how it came to be in Mr Bird's antique shop."

"Oh," I said. We stopped at the bus stop and I thankfully put down my end of the mirror.

"Careful!" Mum warned. "It's very old."

"And what did he mean by it telling tales'"

Mum smiled. "That's just Mr Bird's way of making us think we've got something special!" she said. "*He* says that it used to hang downstairs in the great hall of the manor and that when the lords and ladies arrived for the big dances and masked balls they would glance in it at themselves, brush down their clothes and adjust their wigs."

I giggled. "Even the men?"

"Of course! All fashionable men had wigs in Georgian days," Mum said, and then the bus came along and she forgot about Georgian times because she was busy chatting to the conductor and trying to persuade him to let the mirror have a seat to itself.

Dad groaned when he saw it standing in our hall. "Are you sure it hasn't got woodworm?" he said.

"Mr Bird said it was perfect!" Mum said. "It just needs a bit of a clean up and then you can hang it in Danielle's room, near the door."

I was the one told to clean it, of course, and that was when I discovered that all the carvings were of flowers and there was a rainbow round the edges. I began to quite like

it. Caroline would have turned her nose up at it, I expect — *she* had a square one in a white plastic frame — but I'd rather taken to it.

Dad hung it on my wall that evening, and as he did so he groaned a bit more, saying he'd have to use a special thing to drill out a hole in the wall and he didn't have the correct sort of hook — but he did it all the same, moaning all the time.

"It's only temporary, mind," he said. "I'll have to get a special plug for the wall at the weekend. In the meantime, don't knock it or it'll fall down and bring a load of plaster with it."

I sat in my bed that night and admired how it looked on my wall. Mum was right. It did seem as if it was made for my room. From where I was sitting, reading, I could just see part of my bedside light reflected in it, making a rainbow sparkle around its far edge.

I looked back to my book again but something distracted me. I could sense something moving out of the corner of my eye. I looked up at the mirror quickly but there was nothing to be seen in it, nothing moving, at any rate — just my wall and my table and my bedside light. I glanced away, but there it was again. I was *sure* I'd seen something moving, something *inside* the mirror.

I stared at it, hard, but the mirror just looked back at me blankly. I got up, went right over to it and touched it — but it was just a mirror, cold and still.

I yawned. I was obviously tired, my eyes were playing tricks. I climbed back in my bed, turned out my light and went straight to sleep.

For the next two nights I never even thought about the mirror. I had loads of homework from school and I just did that in the evenings, watched tv and went straight to bed. On the Friday night, though, Mum and Dad went out. They were only at the house next door, so I didn't have a baby-sitter, but the house was strangely dark and quiet everywhere. I sat in my bed and tried to read, but I kept glancing across at the mirror. I knew it was daft, but there seemed to be movement from somewhere inside it again, as if it was trying to attract my attention. I smiled when I thought about it, as if a mirror on a wall could be that clever!

It was no good, though, I couldn't concentrate on my book. I went over to the mirror and looked at it closely; at the painted gold roses, the trailing ivy. I touched the diamond-hard

edge, where the rainbow sometimes appeared — and just as I did that, my bedside light seemed to grow dimmer. I looked across at it in alarm. Don't say there was going to be a power cut or something. . . I looked back at the mirror and when I did so I was so startled that I nearly screamed out loud. There was no reflection of my bedside light in it, nor of any part of my room. The mirror was dark, as if I was looking at a plain, blank piece of glass!

I touched it with my hand, puzzled and scared. Could that happen, then? Could a mirror suddenly stop reflecting? Maybe the back had fallen off or something.

I looked deeper into it, and then I *did* scream. There was another reflection taking shape in it!

I pulled my hand away quickly, as if it had been burnt. My heart started thudding. I couldn't even see *me* in the mirror, just, very dimly, a room with wooden panelling and what looked like railings, wooden ones, all along the back.

I glanced over my shoulder, just to make sure the mirror couldn't be reflecting anything in my room. No, it couldn't possibly. *I* didn't have anything remotely like wooden panelling, or the painted chest of drawers with the big vase of flowers on it that was now appearing. I stared at the room in the mirror in disbelief, and then something happened that was even more incredible. A girl appeared, a girl about my own age wearing a long, old-fashioned nightdress going right to the ground.

"*There* you are," she said, clear as anything. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

I blinked. My mouth opened but I didn't say anything.

"Yes, I mean you!" she said. "If you want to see everyone you'd better hurry up."

Well, I think I was so amazed that I forgot to be frightened. "Come on!" she said impatiently. "Get through while you can."

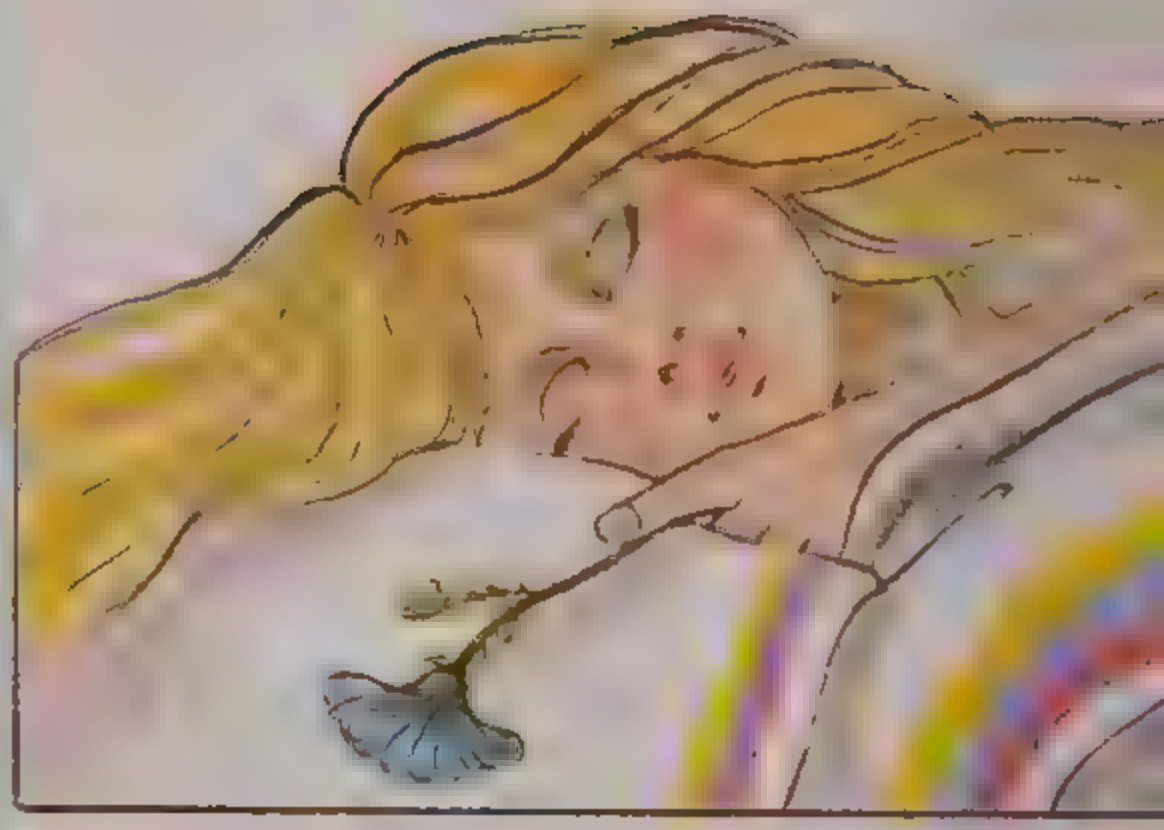
"G . . . get through?"

"One foot after the other. Normal way," she said briskly. "Only *do* hurry." She held out her hand.

I was so taken aback by her bossy, matter-of-fact manner that I found myself obediently putting out a hand to grasp hers, then lifting my leg and stepping into the mirror and out the other side!

"Quickly," she said, tugging at my hand. "Before someone looks up and sees us here together."

I stumbled along behind her, trying to take everything in. We



weren't in a room, as I'd first thought, but on a large landing at the top of a flight of stairs. The painted chest of drawers with the flowers on it was there, and the wooden panelling — and the things I'd thought to be railings were actually banisters running all along the edge of the landing. It was behind one of these large, carved columns that the girl now crouched.

"Get down," she hissed. "They'll see you otherwise."

I did as I was told, still too stunned by what had happened not to. I looked over and saw the mirror, *my* mirror, on the wall. Mr Bird had been wrong, then. It hadn't hung in the hall of the big manor house — for that's surely where I was — but on the first floor landing.

"Here comes someone!" my friend said. "Oh, it's Mrs de la Court and her daughter. What sights they look!"

I looked where she was looking, down to the entrance hall where two women had appeared — two women in dark green dresses with vast pale green wigs.

"So awful — these new fashions!" she said. "Their hair will soon get so high they won't be able to get in the door."

The women were greeted by someone I took to be a butler or footman.

"Mrs de la Court and her daughter Daphne!" he announced to the room beyond. I heard music playing and the murmur of conversation

A family of four arrived next, then a Count and Countess followed by a man on his own. It was as if the pages of my illustrated history book at school had suddenly come to life. I stared, amazed, at their outlandish clothes, strange pointed shoes and coloured wigs.

"*That's* Prince de Vere," my friend whispered. "At least, he says he's a prince." She turned to me as he disappeared through the door. "I think that's the lot. You should have come earlier — they started arriving about seven o'clock." She nudged me. "Why didn't you come earlier?"

I found my voice. "Because I didn't know I could come at all!"

"There! And I've been trying to reach you for days. My name's Meriel, by the way. What's yours?"

"Danielle," I said, then, "Do you live here?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"And is this . . . is this Trerose Manor?"

She nodded again. "And where do *you* live?"

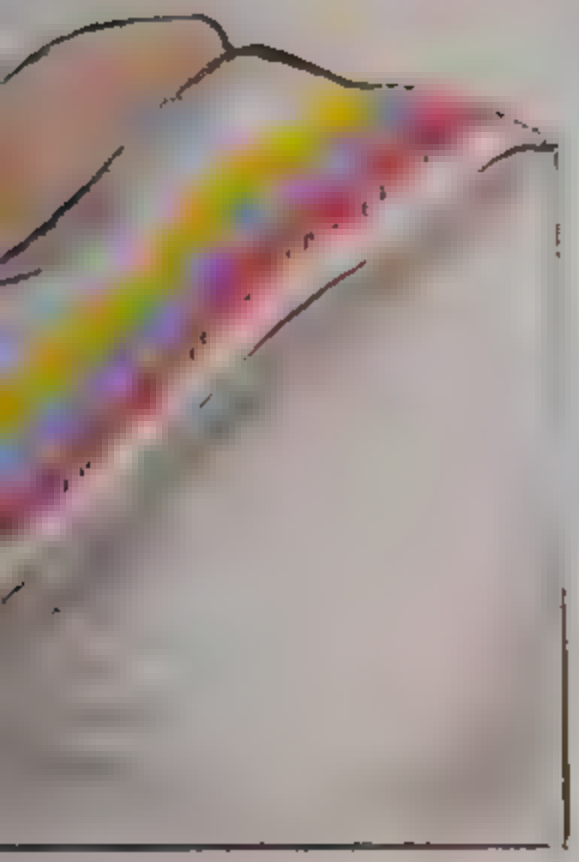
"23 Orchard Close," I said. "Your mirror's on my bedroom wall."

"Funny, that," she said, frowning. "How it works, I mean. I've had people through before, lots of times. Other girls, I mean."

"But . . . how?" I stammered.

She shrugged. "I don't know. It's usually when I'm up here in my hidey-hole watching *them* down stairs. I start looking into the mirror and thinking things and before I know it there's someone on the other side and I can get them through."

"But *how*? Do they all come from



my time or is it . . .''

''Ssh!'' Meriel said as a woman rushed into the hall downstairs. She was closely followed by Prince de Vere

''But my darling, my angel!'' he was saying. ''Don't believe the things they tell you!''

''But I do, sire!'' she said, turning on her heel. ''I do indeed!''

''The honorable Cassandra Blenheim,'' Meriel whispered. ''Her mother hoped she would marry Prince de Vere — but he's been seen with someone else''

The honorable Cassandra ran out through the big doors, into what I supposed was the garden, and the Prince ran after her

''Now the fun will start,'' Meriel predicted.

''How . . how long can I stay?'' I whispered

''Oh, as long as you like,'' Meriel said. ''Some only come for a few minutes, others stay hours and hours Say!'' she looked at me consideringly, ''why don't you stay for good? I'd like to have a friend my own age.''

''I couldn't!'' I protested ''What about my mum and dad . . . and my friends and school and everything?''

''You could share my tutor — it would be fun. And you could even share my mother and father if you wanted to!'' she added.

She took my arm. ''Oh, do say you will! I'm lonely — my mother and father entertain so much that I hardly ever see them — and having a friend of my own would make such a difference! I've got two horses, you know, and a baby brother and we go to our other house in the summer — you'd love it, I know you would!''

''Two horses . . .'' I echoed

''Two beautiful chestnuts. You can have one!''

''Could I really?''

''Honestly!''

''You can have your own big room looking over the lake — the blue room, I think. It's got a four-poster and special painted wallpaper mother got from France. And you can have your own maid. I don't expect you've got your own maid where you come from.''

''I haven't!'' I laughed out loud at the very thought of it, and then I remembered we had to be quiet and put my hand over my mouth.

''There you are, then. You'd be much better off living here with me. We'd have such fun together.''

I thought about it. For a moment I really thought about having a horse of my own and a maid and a tutor, and living in this great house with Meriel for a friend — but then I shook my head.

''It wouldn't feel right,'' I said. ''I don't belong. I come from somewhere else. Another time,'' I looked at the mirror again, mystified, ''and I can't really believe that I'm here at all to be honest.''

Meriel stuck out her bottom lip, looking sulky. ''Just stay the night, then. You can ride Blossom in the morning,'' she added persuasively.

''Stay all night? But suppose . . .'' My voice trailed away. I was thinking of my bed at home, and of Mum and Dad coming back from next door and looking in at me, like they always did, and of me not being there . . .

''My mum and dad would miss me. They'd have the police out.''

''What's police?'' she said.

I shook my head, it was all too difficult to explain. All at once I felt nervous. Suppose I couldn't get back into my own time again!

''I really think I ought to go,'' I said suddenly. ''Thank you for getting me here and everything but my mum and dad might be wondering where I am.''

''That's right!'' she said sulkily. ''Go off and leave me before we've even got to know each other.''

''I'll come again,'' I promised, edging towards the top of the stairs where the mirror hung. ''I'll try and stay longer next time.''

''*Do* that,'' she said.

She came with me to the mirror. As we walked past the chest of drawers she pulled out a blue flower from the vase that stood on it. ''Take this,'' she said, pushing it into my hand. ''A souvenir.''

I touched the mirror — it seemed like any other one. ''Are you sure it'll be all right?'' I asked anxiously. ''Will it really . . .''

She sighed impatiently. ''Of course it will. Don't you think I can make it work?'' She gave me her hand to help me through. ''Don't leave it too long before you come again!'' she said, and then I lifted my leg and was stepping through the gold frame just as if it was a hole in the wall. There was a few seconds delay when I couldn't seem to see properly, and then everything cleared and I was back safely in my bedroom at home.

I heard Mum and Dad come in the front door downstairs. I was just in time! I took two big steps and leapt into bed — but as I turned to do so I must have knocked against the mirror. It swayed, it shivered for a moment . . . and then it slid down the wall and crashed into a million pieces on the floor!

Mum and Dad were up the stairs in a flash.

''Whatever . . . oh, your lovely mirror!'' Mum said, and looked as if she was going to cry.

Dad shook his head. ''Sorry, love,'' he said, ''my fault. I should have known that hook wasn't strong enough.''

They both turned to look at me. ''Did it wake you up with a dreadful shock?'' Mum asked

Under the bedclothes I shivered, shook my head. ''I think I was awake already. I . . . I went through the mirror and spoke to someone.''

Mum and Dad exchanged glances. ''You've been dreaming,'' Mum said. ''Settle down now and we'll clear all the broken glass up in the morning.''

She picked her way across the pieces, kissed me goodnight and they went out. I closed my eyes, knowing I was never going to be able to sleep. I felt wide awake now!

A dream? I turned this way and that restlessly. Surely I hadn't dreamed it all? It had seemed so real. How could I find out, though? I would never know now because the mirror was broken — I could never go back again.

I stretched, pushed back the covers — and as I did so something dropped from my hand. A blue flower, as fresh and new as if it had just been picked. I stared at it as it laid on my carpet in the moonlight. Maybe I hadn't dreamed about my visit to Trerose Manor after all . . .

BARBIE'S FACT FILE

STAR CHOICE

MICHAEL JACKSON

Real Name: Michael Jackson
Date of Birth: 29th August 1958
Place of Birth: Gary, Indiana USA
Starsign: Virgo
Family: Three sisters, Maureen, Latoya and Janet. Five brothers; Tito, Jermaine, Jackie, Marlon and Randy.
First hit: I Want You Back (with the Jackson Five) in 1970
Loves: Animals, children, Steven Spielberg films like ET and Gremlins, dancing, close friends and privacy
Hates: Smoking, alcohol and violence
Favourite records: Anything by Diana Ross (a close friend), Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney
Favourite book: Peter Pan

PAUL YOUNG

Real Name: Paul Anthony Young
Lives: North London
Secret vice: Cream cakes
Place of birth: Luton, Beds
Hair: Brown, but I sometimes have it dyed black
Eyes: Brown
Height: 6ft
Previous jobs: I worked in a car factory when I left school
First girlfriend: A lovely girl called Lesley from Luton
Loves: Singing, skiing, anything from the 50's, my car, my family, my girlfriend
Hates: The way newspapers twist what I say—it's really very irritating indeed!

I was born in Halifax, Yorkshire. I don't come from a musical family — Dad was a doctor, Mum a matron and both my sisters are also involved in medicine. I rebelled against all this medical influence and became a music teacher — which I hated! Forming the Thompson Twins and having success with them is the best thing that's ever happened to me!
Height: 5ft 10ins
Eyes: Brown
Loves: Indian food and soppy films

I was actually born in North London, but my Dad's Nigerian and my Mum Irish. My parents broke up when I was small so I spent most of my youth in foster homes. I met Tom at college and got on really well with him. He asked me to be a roadie for his band and things just progressed from there!
Height: 6ft 1in
Eyes: Brown
Loves: Theatre

I was born and brought up in New Zealand. I've got one sister and three brothers. I love my family, but I was a bit of a troublemaker at home! I trained to be a journalist, but my heart wasn't really in it. I came to London in the late 70's with a friend and got interested in music. I was practising one day and this bloke came over to complain about the noise. It was Tom, and I ended up joining the band!
Height: Small!
Eyes: Blue
Loves: Bette Davies (Hollywood actress)

Real Name: Nik Kershaw
Date of birth: 1st March 1958
Place of birth: Bristol, but I moved to Ipswich when I was 18 months old
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Height: 5ft 4ins
First Memory: My Mum putting me in my pram and taking me to pick up my brother Jonathan from school
Loves: Wife Sherri
Hates: Well, I don't hate being called a pin-up, but I do find it ridiculous. I want most to be thought of as a serious musician.
Previous occupation: I worked in a dole office for three long years!

TEST YOURSELF HERE

ARE YOU A DOLLY DAY DREAM?

Have you got your feet on the ground — or your head in the air? Find out by doing this quiz!

1 When Mum asks you to pop out for groceries, do you usually .
a) Realise when you reach the shops that you've forgotten what she asked you to buy?
b) Bring back the right things nine times out of ten?
c) Remember everything?

2 What do you most like watching on television?
a) Adventure stories and films
b) History or wildlife programmes
c) You don't mind — you'll watch anything

3. Do your family and friends often have to tell you something more than once?
a) Yes
b) Sometimes ✓
c) Very rarely

4 What do you have decorating the wall of your bedroom?
a) A huge pic of Duran Duran so you can pretend Simon's there smiling at you each morning
b) Lots of posters, photos of animals, postcards, etc
c) Wallpaper ✓

5. Mum calls upstairs to say a letter's arrived addressed to you. Do you think .
a) 'I've won a fantastic Pacific Ocean cruise in a com-
b) 'It must be a mistake — I bet it's for someone else'?
c) 'It's probably from my pen-friend'?

6 What do you dream of [illegible] you grow up?
[illegible] an explorer, or an [illegible] or the first woman on [illegible]
You've never really thought [illegible]
You'd like to be a scientist [illegible] a teacher

7. If a lesson at school is a bit boring, do you
a) Switch off and think about your favourite group instead?
b) Whisper to your friends?
c) Listen anyway — it might become more exciting as it goes on?

8 How many friends do you have?
a) Quite a few, but nobody *really* close
b) A couple of special friends who share all your secrets
c) Loads — you're never without company

9. You're spending a summer's afternoon on your own Do you. .
a) Laze in the sun and happily daydream the hours away?
b) Mope around wondering what to do with yourself?
c) Lie outside, but do something worthwhile — like reading or writing a letter?

[illegible] your smaller sister amused for half an hour. Do you . . .
a) Make up a fantastic story for her, full of characters having amazing adventures?
b) Read her a story from a book?
c) Watch her while she plays on her own?

IF YOU ANSWERED. . .

MOSTLY a). Hey — WAKE UP! You're a daydreamer all right! Half the time you're doing one thing and your mind is miles away, thinking of something completely different. You've got a vivid imagination and you can have almost as much fun on your own, in your private fantasy-land, as you can with other people. Mind you don't lose touch with the real world — you still have to live in it!

MOSTLY b). In common with most people, you like to dream a little — it's fun, and it's harmless as long as you know when to stop! You've got your feet firmly on the ground. You know when you have to concentrate and use your memory, and you know when it's safe to allow your brain a little time off!

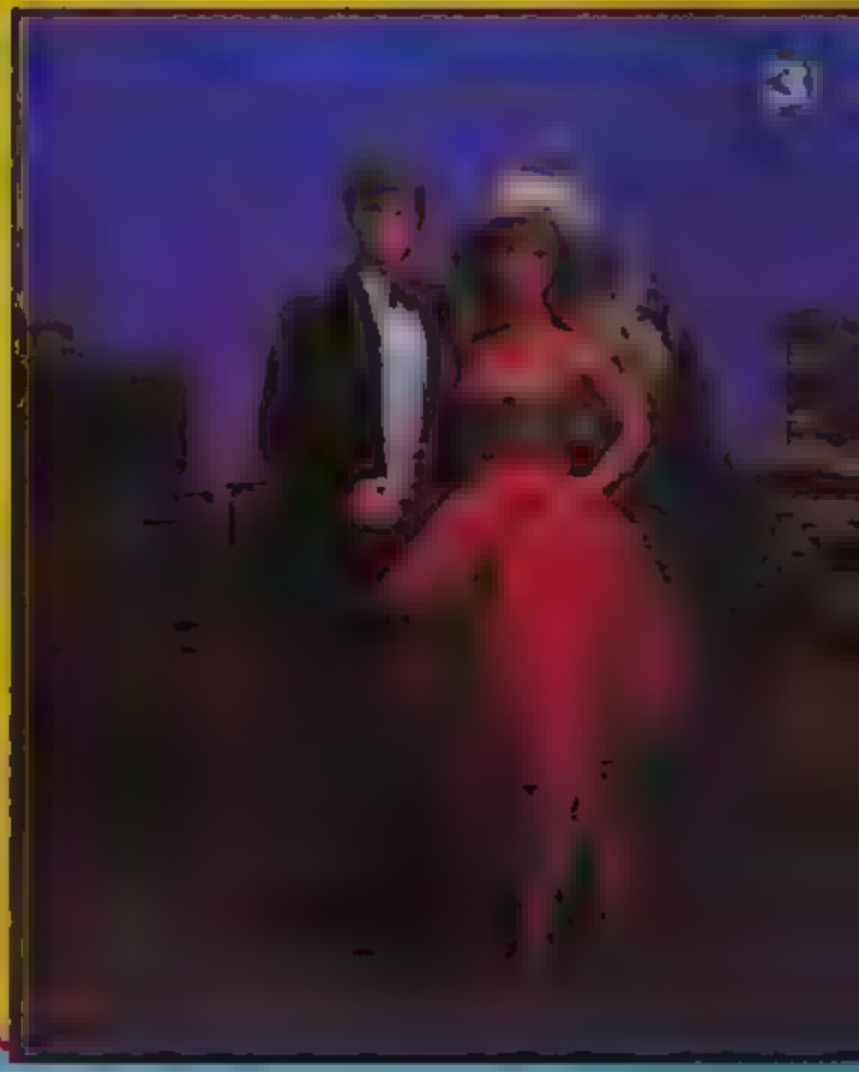
MOSTLY c). You're the opposite of a daydreamer — you're wide awake! In other words you're a really practical person. You always need to be doing something and you won't allow anything to distract you from it. At the same time, maybe you lack a little imagination — don't worry, it's nothing to be ashamed of!

BARBIE'S PICTURE GALLERY

Have you seen these super Barbie dolls? Why not add one to your collection for Christmas?

1 For a busy day Barbie wears an elegant chic pink suit with a matching scarf, hat and pink and white shoes

2 Twirly Curls Barbie comes complete with its own hair curler to style Barbie's hair and a brush and comb



3 Day to Night Barbie and Ken get ready for a glamorous evening out together. Barbie's satin reverses to

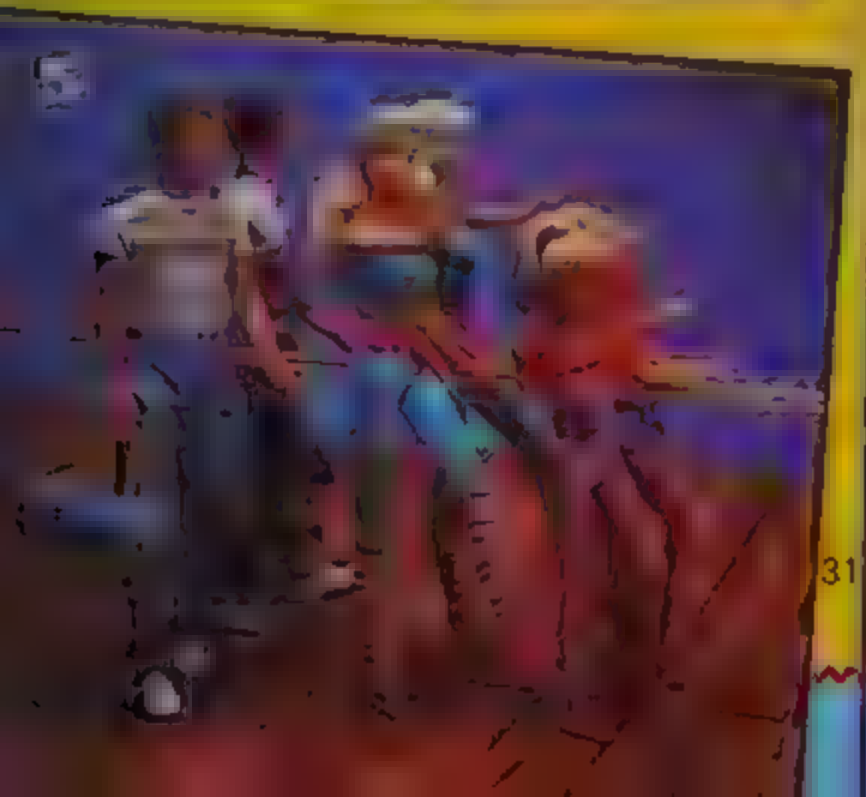
4 Pretty as a picture that's Peaches 'n Cream Barbie in her fun and chic evening gown, ready for a night on the town!

5 Great Shape Barbie, Ken and Skipper are all suited

out ready for a work out at Barbie's new Workout Centre

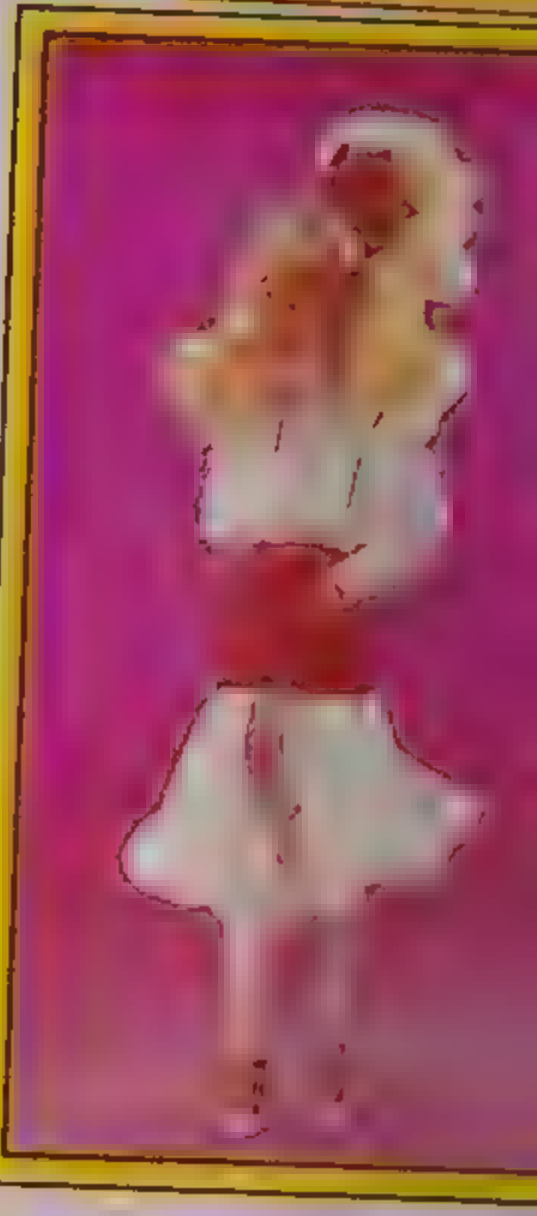
6 Happy Birthday Barbie! Wearing her birthday tiara and carries a surprise gift just for you to open

7 My First Barbie is an easy to dress fashion doll that you'll love to take care of. Pink brush and comb inside



BARBIE'S MODEL GIRL GUIDE

BE A CUTEY BEAUTY



Looking lovely isn't just a matter of luck! You've got to work at it . . . follow Barbie's fashion and beauty tips — and you'll be an overnight sensation.

FOOD

First off, you are what you eat And if you want to look like a suet pudding — carry on knock ing back the stodge But if you want to look like a model girl take their advice. Fill up with fresh food like meat, fish, eggs vegetables and fruit and keep the puds and snacks to a minimum Not only will you look better you'll feel better too

WEIGHTY MATTERS

We're talking about what you weigh, of course. Now, if you follow the above rules you shouldn't have a flab problem anyway. But most girls worry about their weight regardless of their frame. And that's stupid because if you're heavily built you're always going to weigh more than other girls of the same height with a medium or small frame

Find out the weight that's right for you — and stick to it. And remember skinny models are out Model agencies are now looking for well-covered, athletic looking girls. It's true!

EXERCISE

Yawn. Okay, but before you skip this section altogether, it is important so don't skip too many sports periods at school. And if you try to get an extra swimming session in at weekends you'll have the basics for a beautiful body — that'll also stay that way as you get older

MAKE-UP

There's no denying it. Make-up can be a girl's biggest beauty asset. But when you start to use it (or if you're allowed to already), do go sparingly. Very young skin doesn't need a heavy foundation and if you do use too much — you'll end up looking like a clown in the circus!

And, remember, you should always use make-up to enhance your features — not hide them.

In the early days it's worth investing in a book instructing you step-by-step on how to apply make-up. You can experiment with the more adventurous stuff later. Look amongst the cheaper, teen ranges for make-up kits offering a wide variety of colours That way you'll discover the shades that suit you without leaving your piggy bank empty

If you've got a Mum or big sister who's prepared to let you rummage round their make-up bags — so much the better

Finally, if you do wear make-up — you must take it off each and every night. Dirty skin encourages spots and blackheads

HAIR CARE

Keep it clean is the golden rule here. Even if you're now allowed to experiment a bit with fashionable cuts, colours and perms — you're throwing your money away unless it's shiny, squeaky clean And that means washing your hair the day before you think it's going to need it

Also, why don't you invest in some pretty combs and slides to keep it off your face?

CLOTHES

The more the merrier. Yes We'd agree with that. But only if they actually suit you. It's no good buying a jumper that looks fantastic on a mate to discover it looks like a sack of potatoes on you. So it's important to get to know your own style. And play up your best features.

If you've got good legs, show them. But if they're best covered up — stick to trousers. And don't buy on impulse. That's how mistakes are made. Ask yourself first, 'will I still like this and want to wear it in a month or two months?' 'does it go with anything already in my wardrobe or will I have to splash out on something else to wear with it?' and finally, 'do I really look good in it?' If you've got the slightest doubt at all — don't buy because you'll only regret it

BARBIE'S DOUBLE TROUBLE

Barbie was in a terrible rush — she had so much to get ready for an important photographic session.

RIGHT THAT'S EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE TIGHTS NEED

WHAT APE YOU LOOK LIKE BARBIE

APART FROM WHEN ARTH HOUSE

BARBIE'S FINISHED SKATING WHEN YOU WON'T MIND

ICE SKATING ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T MEAN ROLLERSKATING

WELL THE THING IS THE ICE RINK WAS CLOSED SO KEN TAUGHT ME THE BEST WAY TO CLIMB TREES INSTEAD

KEN WAIT TILL I SEE HIM

I'M REALLY SORRY I DON'T REALISE THEY WERE YOUR BEST PAIR

IT DOESN'T MATTER SKIPPER I NEED SOME NEW ONES ANYWAY

I'LL POP IN MY OWN WAY TO THE STUDIO

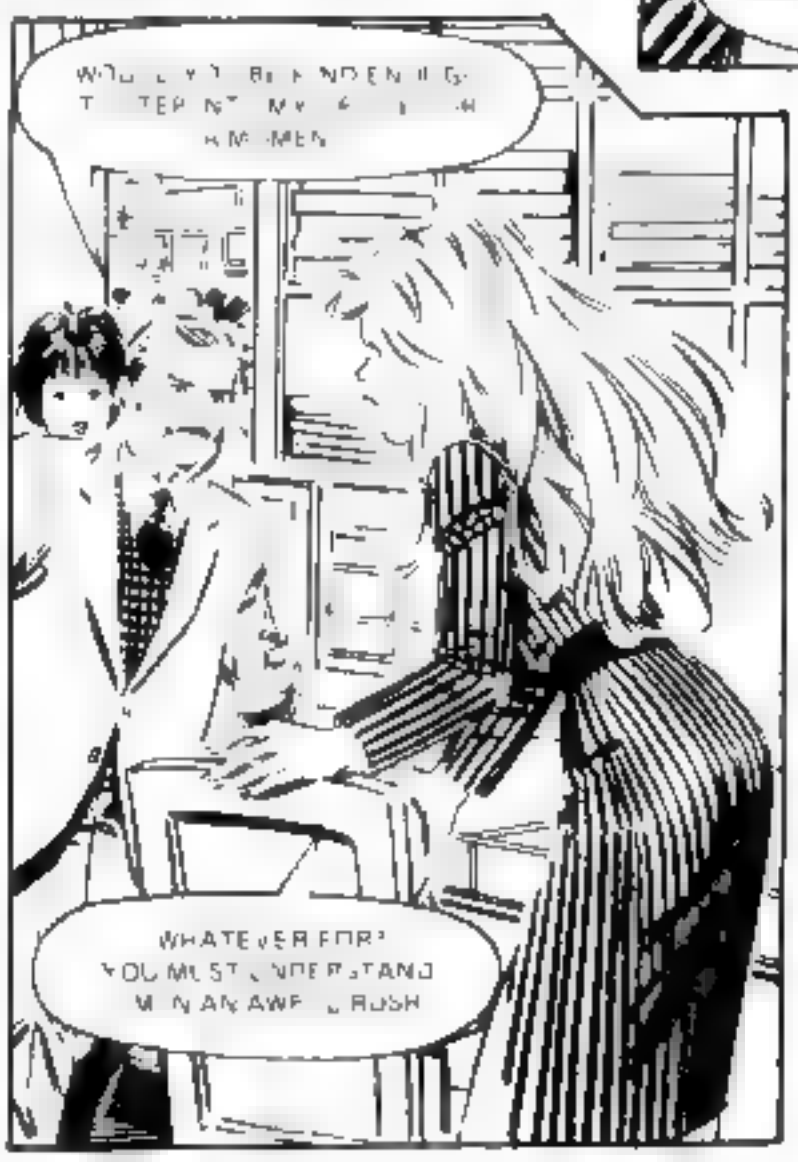
BE CAREFUL

Silpastore

THANK GOODNESS SUSIE
ON SPIKE SHE'S THE
ONLY GIRL ON THE MODEL
WHO'S ALWAYS
BEEN ONE'S FRIEND

CAN
THE NAME

GOODNESS
BARBIE ACCOUNT
NUMBER 7727


WHATEVER FOR?
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND

VERY WELL BUT
THERE HAD BETTER
BE A GOOD REASON

THIS IS RATHER EMBARRASSING MISS WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU ANY MORE CREDIT UNTIL YOU SETTLE THESE BILLS

WHAT BILLS? I ALWAYS PAY MY ACCOUNT REGULARLY

ALLOWANCE BILL

NOT A... BL... C... CURRA... POUND OL... WELL TH... CHANGE... CENTIMES

LET ME SEE... I MAY HAVE RECEIVED IT

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE I'VE HAD NO FUR COAT OR SILK DRESS THE CROCODILE SHOES AREN'T MINE EITHER

REALLY MISS YOU HAVE A TERRIBLE MEMORY SERVES YOU WITH THOSE MYSELF

NONSENSE WHAT OR... CAR... ARE N...

THE FACT ARE PLAIN ... FACT ... EARL... EFFI... CLEAR ...

AND I EXPECT A WRITTEN APOLOGY IN TOMORROW MORNING'S POST

IT LOOKS AS IF TODAY'S GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS

NO IT'S NOT I SUGGEST YOU CHECK YOUR COMPUTER RIGHT AWAY

BUT BUT

THERE ARE STILL THOSE THINGS TO GET THROUGH

HERE'S MY CREDIT CARD PUT THEM ON MY ACCOUNT
SORRY CASH ONLY

THEY HAVE BEEN CANCELLED DON'T ASK ME WHY ASH ONLY

OKAY HERE YOU ARE CASH RECEIPT
YES THAT'S OKAY WAIT FOR YOUR RECEIPT

CAN T SORRY I'
PICK T UP ATER

WHEN COME BACK TO
F ND OUT WHAT ALL
THIS IS ABOUT

THERE S SOMEONE
S TING N MY AR

HI BARB E YOU DON T
MIND T NG ME A
FT DO YOU BEL EVE
WE RE BOTH ON THE
SAME SHOOT

ER NO OF
COURSE NOT

VE NEVER WORKED
W TH KEN B FORE M
REALLY LOOK N
FORWARD TO T

KEN D DN T TE
ME SUS E WAS ON THE
SAME ASSIGNMENT
SHE USUALLY MAKES
SURE OUR PATHS
DON'T CROSS

THANKS AWF LLY
BARB E YOU RE A
REAL PAL

SUSIE S BEHAVIOUR
S VERY STRANGE
WHY IS SHE BEING
FRIENDLY ALL OF A
SUDDEN

AH AT LAST I WAS
BEG NN NG TO TH NK
NE THER OF YOU WERE
COM NG

SORRY I M LATE
KEN COULDN T
F ND A TAXI
ANYWHERE

THINK WE LL DO THE
EVEN NG URGENT F RST
THEY RE HAV NG F N THE
CHANG NG ROOM

THE

F NE LL GO
F RST SHALL

SUSIE AND NEVER
BOTH BEEN
THE
SAME JOB
CAN'T BELIEVE THIS
PERHAPS SHOULD NEVER
HAVE GOT OUT OF BED
THIS MORNING
SHE'S JUST TOO
SICKLY SWEET TO
BE TRUE
FANCY COMING FOR
A COFFEE BARBIE
'BYE BARBIE 'BYE
KEN SEE YOU
AGAIN
SHE SEEMS A NICE
GIRL BARBIE I
THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU DON'T GET ON
WE DON'T
USUALLY

SOMETHING REALLY STRANGE S GO NG ON KEN THE SUPASTORE SAYS OWE THOUSANDS OF POUNDS!

THAT'S MPOSS BLE

KNOW NOT ONLY THAT THE M NEY BOX T QU HAS CANCEL D MY RED T AND

SHA WT G TH+RE + RS

OOD DEA WAN TO KN W WHA 'S BEEN APPEN N BEH ND MY BAC K

COULD YOU TELL ME WHY MY CARD S BEEN CANCELLED PLEASE REALLY HAVE NO IDEA

MADAM OVERSPENT HER CRED T LIM TRY TWO HUNDRED POUN S YOU WILL BE RECEIV NG NOTIFICAT ON

SEE WHAT MEAN? WHERE S TALL GOING O EN?

WHERE SE DO YOU H LL A L N BARRIE

WELL THERE'S JASON'S AND SECOND AVENUE AND

LET'S TRY JASON'S T'S NEAREST

'M TOO EMBARRASSED TO WALK IN AND SHOW MY FACE IN CASE T'S THE SAME ST RY

YOU VE NO NEED TO GO AND CA L THE POL CE INSTEAD

WHAT

JUST DO AS SAY TRUST ME

I'LL KNOW FOR CERTAIN AS SOON AS SUE SPEAKS.

I'LL TAKE THIS CHARGE TTO MY ACCOUNT MY NAME s BARBIE

NO T ISN'T T'S SUSIE RICHMOND AND YOU RE IN BIG TROUBLE

SUSIE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

SHE'S BEEN FORGING YOUR SIGNATURE BARBIE AND SPLASHING OUT ALL OVER TOWN!

SHE WANTED TO SEE YOUR SUFFER BARBIE THAT'S WHY SHE AM IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SESSION TODAY TO WATCH YOU WORRY

JASON

HOW HORRIBLE BUT HOW DID YOU RECOGNISE HER KENNEN THAT BLONDE WIG?

OH IT WAS NOTHING BARBIE

THE END

SKIPPER GOES SKIING

THEN LET'S HOPE THE FANTAST SCENERY
NSPIRES SOME FANTAST LY G D
BEHA UR S FART TRP VE AD
NOTH NG B MS FRANG SOLE
FROM Y W
US
M S
TR NG

But all that snow was too good to melt so late!
THE SNOW S SO DEEP
T S TAK N NG TIMS
AT A L T MAKE A
SNOWMAN
HMM VE GOT AN
DEA SA LY A AND
SET Y U WH E K
A K TON AN COME
A AGA N

T'S OKAY M SS TR NG T'S ONL SA LY

OH YO. OREADF CH LDREN YOU GAVE M O TEAFRG T

I SUPPOSE SHO L D BE OSED TO YOUR TR CKS BU T R N AL ONG NOW AN GET AN EARLY N GHT READY FOR SK SCHOOL N THE MORN NG

N GHT M SS THING

But Skipper and Sally didn't realise someone else had been watching them.

M SSED OUR CHANCE THERE TOM

NOT TO WORRY THERE LL BE PLENTY MORE OPPORTUNITIES

The next morning, most of the girls took to skating like ducklings to water

LOOK AT ME OOH M MOV NG

SN F GREAT? I CAN ACT ALLY DO T

And a bit later when they'd mastered the basics.

L NE UP G RLS, WE RE TAK NG THE CHA R LIFT TO THE NURSERY SLOPES FOR YOUR FIRST PROPER LESSON

HERE SAL Y - COME BEH ND ME

The view from half-way up was super

HOW ABOUT TH S THEN, SAL Y? ISN T T GREAT? SAL Y ?

HOPE SK PPER MANAGES TO GET ON W THOUT CREA ING TOO MUCH HAVOC

HERE COMES MY CHA R REF YOU UP THE OP SAL Y

But her friend's chair was empty

BUT SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME I KNOW SHE WAS

MISS TRING MISS TRING SALLY'S MISSING

NOT NOW SKIPPER I'M SURE IT'S REALLY NOT ME TO BE PLAYING ONE OF YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES

BUT SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME MISS TRING

REALLY SKIPPER THAT'S ENOUGH NOW GIRLS WANT HALF OF YOU TO BE WITH HANS AND HALF WITH CLAUDE

I'M GOING TO JOIN ONE OF THE ADVANCED CLASSES BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN AT THE END OF THE DAY ENJOY YOURSELVES

BYE OH PLEASE

And with that Miss Tring went off leaving a very worried Skipper

I SUPPOSE IT'S PARTLY MY OWN FAULT ALL THE JOKES I'VE PLAYED I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

NOW WE HAFF TO PUT THE SKIS SO FAR

I MUST GET DOWN ON THE LIFT AGAIN SEARCH FOR SALLY

NO SIGNS SO FAR NO MARKS IN THE SNOW TO SHOW THAT ANYONE'S FALLEN OFF

WAIT THOUGHT WHERE ARE THOSE FOOTPRINTS GOING?

KNOW NO ONE W
EVER BE EVE ME BU
THINK SA
BEEN K DNAPPED

WE'VE GOT THE
K D WHAT NOW

GET A MESSAGE TO
LONDON OF COURSE
DEMAND THE RANSOM
FROM HER OLD MAN

HERE COMES THE R FROM
RIGHT

Sk peer thought quickly

F ONLY THIS
WILL WORK

Sk peer sucks is the mem

P
N

THAT

And persuaded the girl by clever use of sign language to let her take the food into the men.

MORE FORE GN
RUBB SH
SUPPOSE

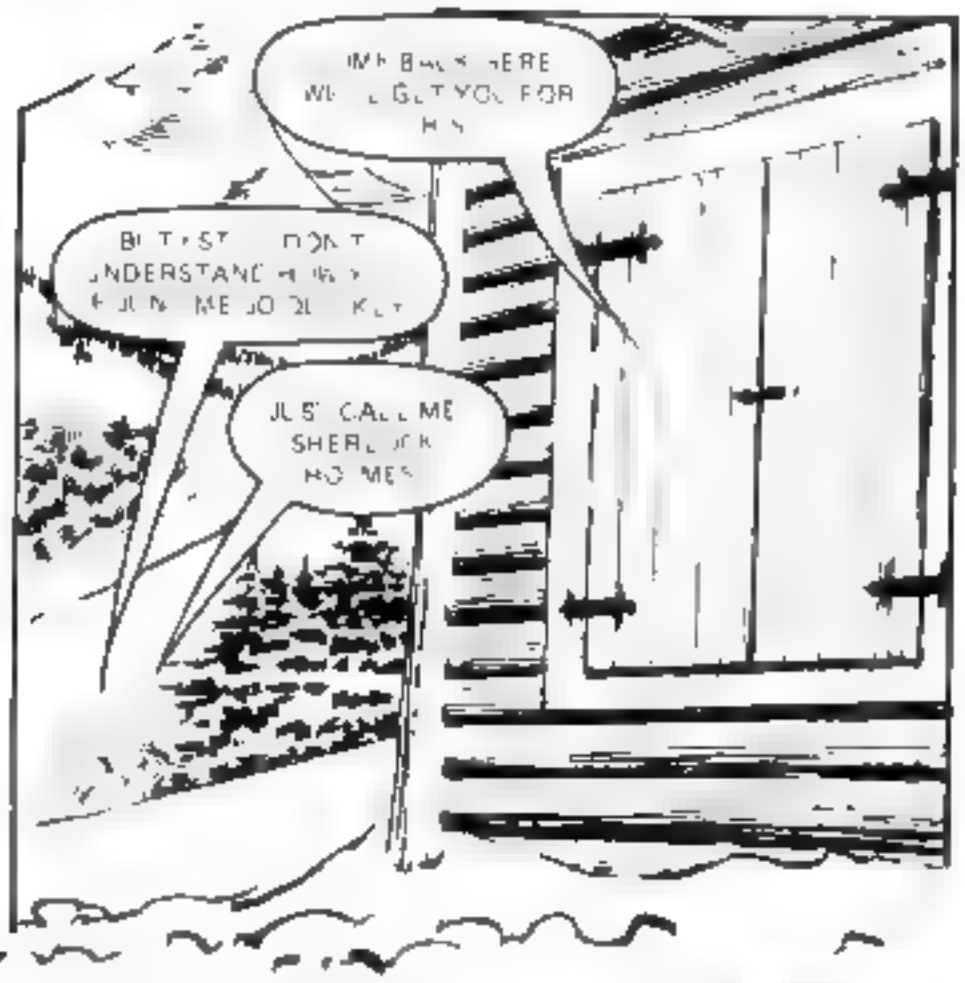
FOREIGN RUBB SH
IS ALL WE RE GOING
TO GET FOR A
WHILE

QUICK SALLY UP ON YOUR FEET

And almost before the kidnappers realised it
SHE'S GETTING AWA

THERE! THAT'S TURNED THE TABLES NICELY
WUGGERWOFF

OH SKIPPER HOWEVER DID YOU
LATER YOU LATER GUINEY GRAB A SK EARLMAN WE'LL SCOOT BACK INTO TOWN


I'M BACK HERE WITH GUY FOR HIS
BUT STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MANAGED TO ESCAPE
JUST CALL ME SHERLOCK HOLMES

And soon Skipper and Sally were telling their story to an astonished Miss Twing
AND SO I LOCKED UP THE TWO MEN IN THE HUT AND CAME STRAIGHT BACK MISS TWING
IS THIS ANOTHER OF YOUR LITTLE JOKES SKIPPER

But it was all perfectly true of course and later
AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE IS COMING TO SEE YOU PERSONALLY TOMORROW MORNING I'M SORRY I DOUBTED YOU SKIPPER YOU ACTED VERY BRAVELY INDEED
IT'S NOTHING MISS TWING I MEAN ANYONE WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME
OH SKIPPER

THE END

FIVE

"Isn't it marvellous?" Mum said. "Just sniff that fresh air!"

I sniffed. All I could smell was that peculiar farmyard sort of smell that made me think of nasty, lumbering cows, big smelly pigs and the like. "Ugh!" I said

"But, Jane, it's lovely! Such a change from petrol fumes and smoke from factory chimneys."

"Is it?" I muttered. I left Mum's side and walked across the mud (I wouldn't have called it a garden), to a crumbling old stone wall.

"The removal van will be here soon," Mum said brightly. "It can't be far behind." She sat on the wall next to me "Five minutes breather and then we'd better start unpacking the car I hope it doesn't snow before we get everything in."

Five minutes! I thought. Five minutes before we went into the house and my new, different life started Five minutes before I became a country girl, a farm girl.

' Where are the nearest houses?" I asked

' Over there!" Mum pointed across the valley to two little matchbox-sized houses opposite, "We've all this space to ourselves. And just look at the lovely view!"

★ ★ ★

I looked. There were fields all round, some green, some ploughed-up brown. There was a clump of trees to the right, a broken-down old barn to the left. That was all, that was the 'lovely view'

I sighed. As far as I was concerned they could keep their trees and their fields and their boring open spaces – give me the city every time. How I was going to miss the noise and the crowds and the shops and the houses higgledy-piggledy on top of each other. And my friends!

It was no good thinking of them now, though, or I might start crying. And I'd done enough crying and stamping of feet for a while. Even *I* didn't feel I could cope with any more

"We'd better get started," Mum said. "I've got the kettle in the car –

MINUTES MORE...

It took just five minutes for me to change my life into that of a country girl.

we'll get a nice cup of tea ready for Dad and the removal men."

I followed her to the door of the house. 'Home Farm' it was called, though Mum said it wasn't exactly a farm, more a smallholding. I hadn't been inside yet – all the times they'd been to visit and measure up I'd refused to come.

"Here we go!" Mum said, turning the key. "Isn't this exciting?"

"If you say so," I said. The door creaked open and an awful musty woody smell came out to greet us. "What's that awful pong?" I said.

"It's just because the house has been shut up for a month. I think it's rather nice – it smells like lovely old pine furniture."

We went inside. The floor and the hall walls were stone, and it was freezing cold. "Where's the central heating switch?" I asked, shivering.

Mum laughed. "We've no central heating here," she said. "No gas to have any, even. There's a big cooker thing in the kitchen that heats the water, though, and that'll keep the whole house warm."

"Can you put it on then," I said. "I'm freezing to death."

"All in good time, dear," she said. "we've got to gather wood for it first. And you'll soon be warm when we start carrying our stuff in."

We walked down the hall into the big, bare kitchen. "Lots of lovely room," Mum said, spinning round and round. "We'll have a big pine table in the middle – and a dresser with all my best china."

"Oh, crumbs," I muttered.

"You go and explore, love. Go up and see your bedroom – it's the one in the front."

Holding my nose against the smell I climbed the stairs. They were really steep and winding and came out at the top into a landing with a floor so up-and-down it was like being in one of those crazy houses at the fair.

I looked in the bathroom and Mum and Dad's bedroom and then I found mine up another two steps. Quite big, it was, but right under the roof so that the ceiling sloped all down one side. The window was small and had diamond-paned glass and there was a disgusting-looking old rug on the floor. I kicked at it and went downstairs again.

"It's a darling little room, isn't it?" Mum said, but I didn't reply.

"How will I get to school?" I asked instead, "and where is it?"

"The school's in the village," she said. "Two miles away. Dad or I will take you at first, but later you'll be able to ride your bike."

"Ride two miles!" I shrieked. "I couldn't!"

★ ★ ★

"Of course you could! You'll be a proper country girl soon."

I heaved a big, miserable sigh – and then remembered the one thing I was looking forward to. "When are the animals coming?" I asked. I'd always loved animals but Mum had said it wasn't fair to keep them when you lived in a city. Dogs couldn't be exercised properly and cats got run over.

"Tomorrow," she said. "The ones that belong here are being looked after at Little Acre farm across the valley."

"And what is there?"

Mum walked out to the car to get some things in, and I followed her. "Now, let me see," she said, pulling curtains out of the back and loading them onto me, "ten sheep, four cows and a couple of crates of chickens."

"Is that *all*?"

"That's quite enough to start with. When we find out what suits us best we'll increase our stock. Now, run along in with the curtains and come back for something else."

I did as I was told – as I said, I'd done all the yelling and carrying-on but it had done me no good at all because they'll still come to live here. All I could do now, I reckoned, was to become all quiet and withdrawn, maybe even stop eating, until they got worried about me. When they asked me what was wrong I'd say I was missing my friends and my school and my old house, and that I'd only recover if we moved back, and then they'd feel so guilty about me that they'd have to do as I said. Maybe...

On my third trip out to the car the removal van arrived and then it got really chaotic with Dad and the men shouting and Mum rushing about flapping and panicking. I crept into an old shed place (it had a big tractor thing in it) to get out of the way. I heard Mum calling for me but I stayed put.

"Where's that girl got to?" Dad said crossly in the yard later.

"I really don't know," Mum replied. "Maybe she's walked up the lane or something."

"Her – walk?" Dad said. "That's not very likely. Anyway, we need her here to take stuff in."

"Oh, leave her," Mum said. "We've got to give her time to get used to it all, Clive."

"Humph!" I heard Dad reply. "She'll get used to it all right. Lots of youngsters would give their right arms to come and live on a farm in the country!"

"Yes, but..." Mum said, and then I didn't hear any more because they'd gone in.

He actually thought that – that I was just being awkward in not wanting to come, that people actually envied me! My friends at home didn't, for a start.

"How *awful* for you," they'd said the day I'd broken the news. "What will you do with yourself stuck in the country?"

"No more dancing classes!" my friend Lyn said.

"Or gym classes either," I added. "Or cinemas or record shops or *anything*."

"How terrible!" they'd cried sympathetically.

"We'll all write to you, though," Lyn had said. "Let you know what's going on here."

I'd shook my head, though "That'll just make me feel worse," I'd said miserably

I had to come out of the garage eventually – but I waited until the removal men had gone

"Where the dickens have you been?" Dad said crossly. "We needed your help this afternoon "

' I went for a walk I looked at the *lovely* fields and sniffed the *lovely* smell," I said sarcastically, but Dad was so surprised that he didn't notice the sarcasm

"Er . . . yes . . . it *is* lovely," he said "Now get along in and help Mum make up the beds "

I was awake for ages that night It was cold in my room and there were rustlings all around "Mice in the rafters," Mum said, but at night when all was deathly dark and quiet it didn't sound like mice, it sounded like big, hairy spiders scuttling in corners

Still, no matter if I didn't sleep, maybe I'd look pale and ill in the morning and they'd start worrying about me all the sooner

I don't think they noticed my looks, though. The milkman had delivered the milk early (and I hadn't heard him so I must have slept for a tiny while), with fresh bacon and sausages from the local butcher, Mum had gone across the fields to pick mushrooms and Dad was having a fry-up in the kitchen

It smelt good – and I was so hungry I ate my way through four sausages, a heap of mushrooms and bacon and two slices of fried bread.

"There! The country air's given you an appetite!" Mum said, pleased, and I remembered, too late, about the hunger strike I was supposed to be on

The animals arrived and while Mum was hanging curtains and taking things out of packing cases, Dad spent ages and ages talking to the man who'd brought them over. Dad had lived on a farm when he was a boy, but I suppose things had changed since then and he was wanting to make sure he had everything straight.

"There'll be a hard frost tonight," he said, coming in later. "Mr Woodbridge says to keep the animals penned in."

★ ★ ★

"Can I go to see them?" I asked hopefully, but Dad shook his head

"Best not to disturb them Some of the sheep are pregnant and they're unsettled by the move anyway "

"Oh," I said, and before I had time to take in this information, Dad added, "Mr Woodstock said he's got a daughter your age He's sending her over after tea for a chat. She can tell you about the school and everything "

I groaned "I bet she's *awful* I bet she's all old-fashioned and frumpy and . . ."

"That's enough!" Mum said sharply "I won't have rudeness. It's very nice of her to bother."

I went up to my room in sulky silence, saying I didn't want any tea When tea time came and I heard the clattering of knives and forks downstairs I thought they d come up and try to persuade me to eat, but they didn't so I found a book to read, got under my duvet for warmth and was just settling down when Dad shouted that Mr Woodbridge's daughter had arrived and I was to go and meet her straight away.

I stamped my way downstairs and stared at the girl sitting at the kitchen table. If they thought I was going to be friendly with just *anyone* . . . But she looked quite nice, actually, she had dark eyes and fair curly hair caught up at the back in a pony tail

"Ah, here's Jane," Mum said "This is Elizabeth, Jane."

I nodded to her

"I'll leave you to it," Mum said "Dad's locking up the animals so I'll go and get the sitting room fire going."

She went out and the girl and I stared at each other

"Dad says you haven't lived in the country before," she said. "I expect you'll find it very different."

"You can say that again!"

"It's quite fun – you'll soon get used to it."

"I might not have to get used to it," I said sourly. "I might make them move back "

"Oh, I wouldn't do *that*!" she said. "I wouldn't live in a town again for anything."

"What is there to do here, though?" I asked "It seems so awful and quiet."

She shrugged. "We make our own fun – especially in winter. Last year the whole village was snowed in, so all of us children had to camp in the village hall We slept there and had lessons there and everything."

"It sounds terrible!"

"It was great – like a four-day party. We're all hoping it'll happen again this year."

"Fancy," I said politely. I walked to the window to look out. "Dad said there would be a hard frost tonight. Did you ride over?"

She nodded. "Sheba's all right on slippery ground, though."

I stared at her. "Sheba. Is that what you call your bike?"

She began to giggle – in fact she giggled so much she couldn't speak for a while "I didn't ride a bike over, I rode a horse!" she said at last, and when I didn't say anything, added, "You town people! You know, a horse is a brown thing with a leg on each corner!"

★ ★ ★

I began to giggle, too, then. "I have seen a horse before," I said. "I had a picture of one in a book once."

We shrieked with laughter at this and in the middle of it Dad came in with a bundle under his arm.

"Quick!" he said. "Warm some milk there's a bottle in the larder. I've lost this one's mother but I want to make sure I don't lose *him*."

He thrust the damp bundle into my arms – a bundle which wriggled and baa-ed and opened its little black eyes and looked at me.

"I'll do the bottle!" Elizabeth said as he went out. "You keep him warm!"

She dashed off and I was left sitting by the big stove cuddling the little lamb and smiling down at it with what I'm sure was a silly look on my face.

Five minutes! I said to myself in amazement Five minutes was all it had taken for me to find a friend, gain a lamb – and completely change my mind about living in the country . . .

Barbie

WHAM

ARE YOU AN ANIMAL LOVER?

So you think you know all there is to know about our friends from the animal world? Find out with our quiz . . .

1. What is the largest mammal in the history of the earth?
a) The elephant?
b) The blue whale?
c) The dinosaur?

2. Which creature is now extinct?
a) The puffin?
b) The toucan?
c) The dodo?

3. A dromedary is a camel with
a) One hump?
b) Two humps?
c) No humps?

4. You'd find lions in:
a) Australia?
b) Africa?
c) India?

5. You spend a weekend on a farm and you're invited to feed the cows. Would you give them
a) Grass and hay?
b) Raw meat?
c) A mixture of both?

6. Which dog is most often used for guard duties, such as police work:
a) Dobermans?
b) Alsatians?
c) Sheepdogs?

7. Fill in the missing words i e a flock of sheep
a) A ons?
b) A of ducks?
c) A of hounds?
d) A of geese?
e) A of whales?

8. The name of the dog who appeared in countless feature films — always the side of the goodies
a) Snoopy?
b) Fred Basset?
c) Lassie?

9. A female rabbit who feels her newborn are endangered will protect them by
a) Sitting on them?
b) Eating them?
c) Moving nests?

10. Man's best friend is his
a) Dog?
b) Cat?
c) Wife?

SCORE

1. Answer b is correct. The blue whale grows to a length of 30m (90ft) and can weigh 112.5 tons.
2. The dodo. Hence the expression 'dead as a dodo'.
3. Answer a. Just one.
4 Answer b. Africa.
5. Answer a. Cows are total vegetarians.
6 Answer b. Alsatians.
7 a) pride
b) skein
c) pack
d) gaggle
e) school
8. Lassie. The other two are cartoon characters.
9 Answer b.
10 Answer a, dog.

SO HOW MANY DID YOU GET RIGHT?

Most or all of them. Well done and look out, David Attenborough. You not only love and respect animals — you're knowledgeable too.

About half. You've got a lot to learn. Try a few visits to zoos and safari parks — and instead of just staring in the cages — read the labels too.

Cough cough — just a few or none at all. It's not that you're not an animal lover — it's just that you don't know the first thing about them. And, yes, okay, you can go back to sleep now.

SKIPPER CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP

WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO?

Barbie and Skipper have spent the day at the zoo and on their way home they're trying to remember all the animals they've seen. Maybe you can help them. The names of twenty-four different animals are hidden in the box of letters below. Some read across, some down and some diagonally — and to give you a start DEER is already shown. Good hunting!

S	Y	A	K	L	U	F	O	O	S	T	R	I	C	H
L	P	R	E	W	M	H	P	I	N	E	B	B	H	I
Y	I	A	G	O	R	I	L	L	A	X	G	E	W	D
J	A	O	O	L	L	P	H	D	K	L	U	K	A	E
P	R	E	N	F	A	P	W	E	E	T	I	G	E	R
O	W	R	H	I	N	O	C	E	R	O	S	S	L	N
R	I	I	S	W	M	P	N	R	E	C	A	M	E	L
C	P	A	N	D	A	O	T	E	I	C	C	R	P	U
C	R	S	A	T	G	T	N	L	B	O	G	A	H	R
P	O	N	B	H	O	A	M	K	B	Z	E	B	A	K
I	Q	U	I	A	P	M	G	I	E	E	E	F	N	A
N	S	W	I	R	T	U	N	G	A	Y	W	B	T	T
E	B	E	M	U	R	S	U	H	V	I	F	Z	R	O
O	O	S	A	K	L	I	H	Y	E	N	A	E	P	A
C	L	A	J	L	O	W	A	L	R	U	S	W	I	L

Solution on page 70

IT'S

Come and take a trip into Barbie's dream world . . .

1 Wedding of the Year play pack is a girl's dream come true! The reception will provide hours of fun for everyone

2 Barbie's home and office is perfect for day to-night play One side is the blue office and on the other side is a pink dressing area

3 The new dream kitchen has everything Barbie needs to make the perfect evening for her friends Included is an oven fridge, dishwasher and pots and pans

4 The Dream Cottage is perfect for Barbie when she wants to get away and relax It is compact when closed and you can change the layout as you please

A DREAM!

5 Sweet dreams Everthing that Barbie's friends need to set the stage for a slumber party — record player, tv, etc

6 Barbie's trendy, wicker-look furniture is just perfect for her to rest and relax in after a hard day's modelling

BARBIE'S FACT FILE

STAR CHOICE

JOHN TAYLOR

Real Name:
Nigel John Taylor
Date of birth:
20th June, 1960
Place of birth:
Sorrento Hospital, Birmingham
Starsign: Gemini
Height: 6ft 2in
Hair: Dark brown, but it's been all sorts of colours in its time!
Eyes: Dark brown
Previous jobs:
None really. I started up Duran Duran with Nick when I left college
Loves: Fast cars, James Bond movies
Hates: The Press!
School: I was good. I got 5 'O' levels and 'A' level Art

SIMON LE BON

Real Name:
Simon Le Bon
Nickname Charley
Date of birth:
27th October, 1958
Place of birth.
Middlesex
Starsign Scorpio
Hair Light brown
Eyes Blue
Height 6ft 1in
Other jobs
Student
Loves Sports, my girlfriend my family
Hates Spiteful people

TRACEY

Real Name:
Tracey Ullman
Date of birth:
30th December, 1959
Place of birth:
Burnham, Bucks
Starsign
Capricorn
Height: 5ft 6in
Weight
8 stone 7 pounds
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown
Favourite foods
Twiglets, watercress, lobster
Favourite drinks:
Ribena, champagne
Loves: Husband Alan, and my little dog, Binky Beaumont. I got him from Harrods. He was the last one left and he looked so lonely I just had to have him

LINBAKL

Real Name:
Christopher Hamill
Date of birth:
19th December, 1958
Starsign:
Sagittarius
Place of birth:
Wigan, Lancs
Hair. Naturally brown, but obviously dyed now. I 'designed' my hair myself, and keep it looking good with regular dollops of baby oil
Previous occupations:
Hairdresser, chorus boy, waiter
Childhood ambition: At first I wanted to be an actor, but singing has always been my real love. I always knew I'd be famous, though
Loves. Animals (I've been a vegetarian since I was 19), dancing, my family

BARBIE

Now you know how Barbie manages to keep her super slim figure . . . she exercises! Together with her sister, Skipper, Barbie can often be found in the gym, at a dancing class, swimming, or just exercising by herself

WORKS IT OUT!

video, there are lots of video tapes showing you how to exercise at home. Ask Mum if you can hire one for the weekend

When you're a beginner, it's important to remember not to overdo it when you start to exercise or play a sport. Take it easy at first because you'll be working muscles that haven't been used for some time and they will be very stiff You'll find the next couple of days very painful unless you're very careful during your first lesson.

LOOK THE PART

If you've got the right equipment for your chosen sport then it certainly helps, but don't be put off you have to hire any part of it. In fact, it's often good idea to hire anything you need for your half a dozen lessons, until you're sure that it' sport you're going to keep playin and not get fed up with quickly

All the girls at the dancing and exercise clas seem to have super smart leotards and matching tights and leg warmers, but really you can kit yourself out quite cheaply from your local chain store. Again, make sure it's a class you're going to attend regularly before you splash out on the gear For the first few lessons, you can get away with wearing any old pair of tights with a T-shirt worn over it. They'll never know the difference

BEST EXERCISE

Swimming is supposed to be the best exercise for all parts of the body, so next time it's your class's turn to use the swimming pool, just remember the good it's doing you'

IT'S PARTY TIME

Everyone loves a good party! So why not throw one of your own. It's really not as difficult as you think.

PARENTAL PERMISSION

Okay, so when we said EVERYONE loves parties — make that everyone except the hostess's parents. See it from their point of view. It's their carpets that are going to get ruined and their ornaments in danger of breaking.

So, first things first — talk Mum and Dad round before you breathe a word of it to anyone. If they say no, you won't lose face in front of your mates. And if they agree, you'll have two willing(?) workers.

INVITES

It's nice to be casual — but not too casual. Invites might seem formal — but it does mean you know exactly how many guests to expect and how many to cater for. They'll also put your friends' parents' minds at rest — particularly if you state the time you expect it to finish. (Be guided by Mum and Dad on this. Even if they don't mind noise YOUR neighbours MIGHT, so try and be a bit considerate.)

MONEY MATTERS

Money as you learnt quite early on doesn't, unfortunately, grow on trees — worse luck! And your party is going to set you back financially.

One way round this is to ask each guest to contribute a bottle of soft drink and some food. If you introduce a coloured theme to your party — like yellow and red — they should come up with some interesting concoctions. No-one will mind being asked to bring something. No adult would dream of going to a party without taking a bottle! You will, of course, supply the bulk of the food and drink but it will help if your guests help with the supplies

ON THE ACTUAL MORNING...

Set the alarm early. And get off down to the shops. You'd be surprised at how quickly shops run out of things like French bread and crisps — especially on a Saturday. If finances allow, splash out on paper cups and plates. It may seem an unnecessary expense — but it's lovely to be able to tip everything into the bin at the end of the evening instead of spending hours washing up. (Put it another way — it also saves breakages.)

Next, discuss with Mum which rooms you can use — and which are out of bounds. If you can keep your guests on one floor so much the better — but it's difficult if the loo's upstairs. And then go about covering carpets and removing valuables. It's better to be safe than sorry. If the room looks a bit bare, ask if you can put up some pop posters.

Next, organise the music. Whether you're playing tapes or records — they need to be sorted out and put in some kind of order.

Finally, lay the table — making it look as attractive as possible — pinch some flowers from the garden — and cover all the food.

Some parents will quite happily leave the house while a party's in full swing — but if yours don't offer — don't suggest it. You could end up hurting their feelings — and, when you get down to the nitty gritty it is their house so why should they go out.

Parents often prove invaluable in any case — taking coats and helping shyer guests to feel at ease. You may be really pleased they're around.

EIGHT O'CLOCK...

Or whatever time your invite stated — and you've got that sinking feeling. Supposing no-one comes — supposing they're bored. It happens to us all. Last minute doubts. Shake them off by keeping busy. Have some loudish music playing as the doorbell starts ringing and put the lighting down to create a partyish atmosphere.

Most of your friends will of course know each other — but don't forget to make introductions if you've invited a friend or neighbour who doesn't go to your school.

Offer everyone a drink, show them where the food is and leave them to warm up. The chat will soon start — and your party will be in full swing.

Most people will want to dance — but some games can be fun, too. No, we're not suggesting 'Hunt The Thimble' or 'Pass The Parcel' — but something like a pop quiz where you play snatches of music and the guests have to identify the group and name of the song. Some of the more extrovert ones could even attempt impressions — leaving the others to guess who they're imitating. You could also have joke telling competitions.

If you decide on a theme to your party — like colour or fancy dress — you can award a prize to the best dressed person or the one who made the most effort. (A cheap pair of tights would be ideal.)

So the evening's been a success. The next major hurdle is getting rid of everyone. With a bit of luck, quite a few parents will arrive — but if some seem reluctant to go — and their parents haven't shown — drop a big hint by offering to call a mini cab.

Or, perhaps, if Dad's feeling generous, he'll offer to drop them off himself.

Now, however tired you are, don't crawl into bed with a half promise to clear up in the morning. Do it then, you'll be so glad you did in the morning. And then when everything's clean, any spills wiped up and everything back in its own place — that's the time you can go to bed and dream of all the fabulous invites you can expect back.

One of the designs from the Haute Couture range is just perfect for a smart party Barbie has been invited to

QUICK 'N' EASY PARTY RECIPIES

PEANUT COOKIES

2oz margarine
2oz soft brown sugar
4oz crunchy peanut butter
3oz plain flour
1oz quick cooking porridge oats
2 tablespoons Carnation evaporated milk

Cream margarine and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in peanut butter and gradually work in the flour and porridge oats

Heat Carnation and stir in ½ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda to dissolve. Add to creamed mixture and mix well

Roll mixture into walnut-sized pieces and place on greased baking sheets. Flatten slightly and bake at 350 F (Gas Mark 4) for 15 mins until a golden brown colour.

Makes approx 24 cookies Just double up the ingredients for more cookies.

LEMON SORBET

9oz caster sugar
1 pint water
Rind and juice of three lemons
1 egg white, whisked

Dissolve sugar in the water over a low heat, add the thinly pared lemon rind and boil gently for ten minutes; leave to cool. Add the lemon juice and strain the mixture into the ice cube tray. Place in the freezing compartment of fridge, turn to coldest and leave to half freeze. Turn the mixture into a bowl, fold in the egg white, mixing thoroughly, replace in the tray and refreeze. Delicious!

COCKTAILS
(NON ALCOHOLIC OF COURSE)

APPLEADE

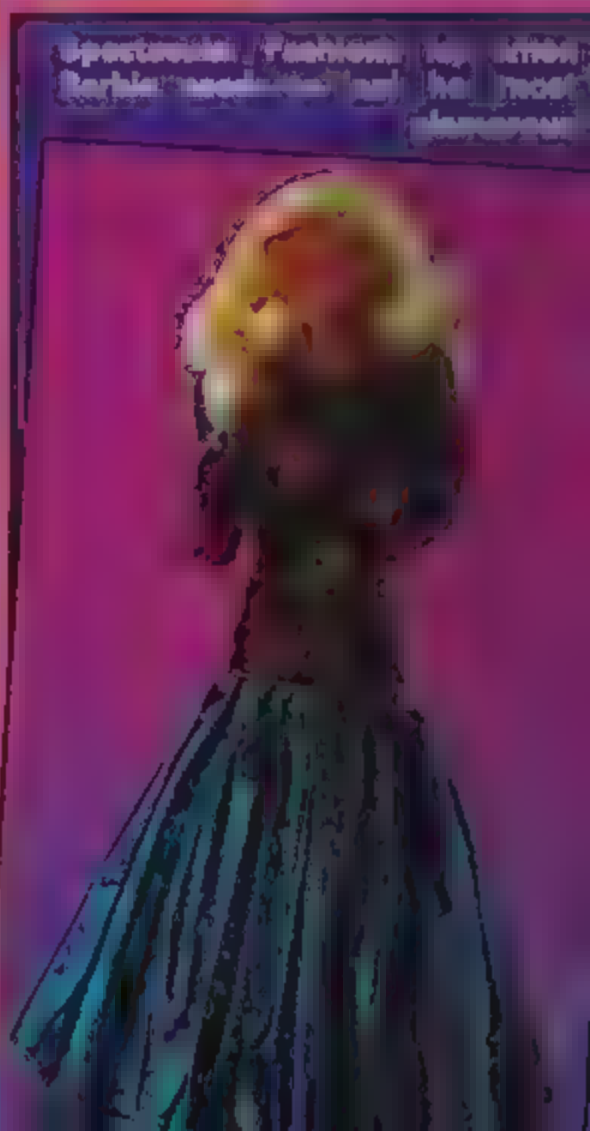
2 large dessert apples
1 pint of boiling water
½ teaspoon sugar

Chop apples and place in bowl. Pour the boiling water over the apples and add the sugar Leave to stand for ten minutes, then strain into a jug and allow to cool Pour over ice cubes in a tall tumbler and decorate with apple slice.

(Three servings — adjust recipe according to the number of guests who are coming to your party.)

NURSERY FIZZ

Mix together equal quantities of orange juice and ginger ale. Decorate with slices of orange and cocktail cherries. It tastes absolutely amazing



KEN CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP

Barbie

SPANDAU BALLET

SKIPPER'S

PUPPY LOVE!

There was one shop Sk ppar just couldn't resist visiting regularly the pet shop

OKAY THERE'S A CAFE NEXT TO THE PET STORE

Gina

ISN HE WEAR NG A LEAD?

NO THERE S NOTH NG + MUST BE A STRAY

WE D BETTER TAKE H M HOME WITH US HADN T WE JUST FOR NOW?

YES SUPPOSE WE HAD

AW POOR LITTLE MITE

WE FOUND H M N TOWN MRS MATT HE WAS HURT AND LOST

I THINK I WAS LOVE AT FIRST S

SHE S ALWAYS LOVE ANIMALS HAS A PPER

I CALL THE VET HE D BETTER COME OVER

NO I LL DO IT BARBIE I M THE ONE WHO S GOING TO LOOK AFTER H M

WE LL HAVE TO GIVE H M A NAME

THERE S A BROKEN BONE HERE IT S JUST AS WELL YOU FOUND H M

RUFUS WAS VERY HUNGRY HE COULDN T HAVE EATEN FOR DAY

EVERYTH NG ELSE SEEMS WELL ENOUGH LEG S JUST PUT THAT LEG N PLASTER

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

VE ALREADY GIVEN HIM ONE IT S RUFUS

MAKE SURE HE KEEPS WARM NOW

DON T WORRY

THERE S NOWHERE WARMER THAN MY OLD BED

WILL YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THAT

SHE IS NAUGHTY BUT THEY DO LOOK PEACEFUL

Next morning

WHAT ABOUT THIS

WE'D BETTER PUT AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE PAPER SAYING HE'S BEEN FOUND

IF NO-ONE COMES FORWARD CAN HE STAY?

YES VERY WELL ONLY DON T RAISE YOUR HOPES TOO HIGH

PUPPY FOUND

Black and tan puppy found Approx ten weeks old One floppy ear and very waggy tail

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I'D MIGHT SEE A GIRL

OH I FORGOT TO TELL YOU SKIPPER THERAPIST'S AGIRL COMING ROUND AT SIX ABOUT THREE
ABOUT THREE

DING DONG DING DONG!
THAT'S PROBABLY HER NOW SHE SOUNDED VERY RELIEVED
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED SKIPPER

HI DEAR

I THOUGHT WAS NEVER GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN AFTER HE RAN OFF ONE NIGHT
HE BROKE HIS LEG

WELL THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR LOOKING AFTER HIM AND EVERYTHING
YOU'RE WELCOME DO YOU DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE KEEPING IN TOUCH MAYBE
LET SKIPPER KNOW HOW HE'S GETTING ON

SURE I'LL SEND YOU PHOTOS AND EVERYTHING
THANKS I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT

SHE DOES LOVE HIM SKIPPER YOU CAN SEE THAT

KNOW, BARBIE KNOW

On Christmas Eve

THERE'S A CARD FOR YOU HERE JUST ARRIVED

THOUGHT BE FROM BOSS MUM

I WAS RIGHT SHE'S SENT ME A TERRIFIC PHOTO

YOU MUST START CALLING HIM BEN NOW YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY FAIR

OKAY DOESN'T BEN LOOK CUTE THOUGH?

I'LL NEVER FORGET BEN BARBIE HE WAS SO SPECIAL

UNDERSTAND SKIPPER BUT KEN'S BOUGHT A SURPRISE FOR YOU

KNOW HE'LL NEVER BE REPLACED SKIPPER ONLY

WE'VE PLANNED THIS SPECIAL SURPRISE

HE'S ONLY A TOY BUT I HAD HIM MADE EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE ORIGINAL

HE'S BEAUTIFUL KEN HONESTLY AND I'M GOING TO LOVE HIM TO BITS!

RUFUS

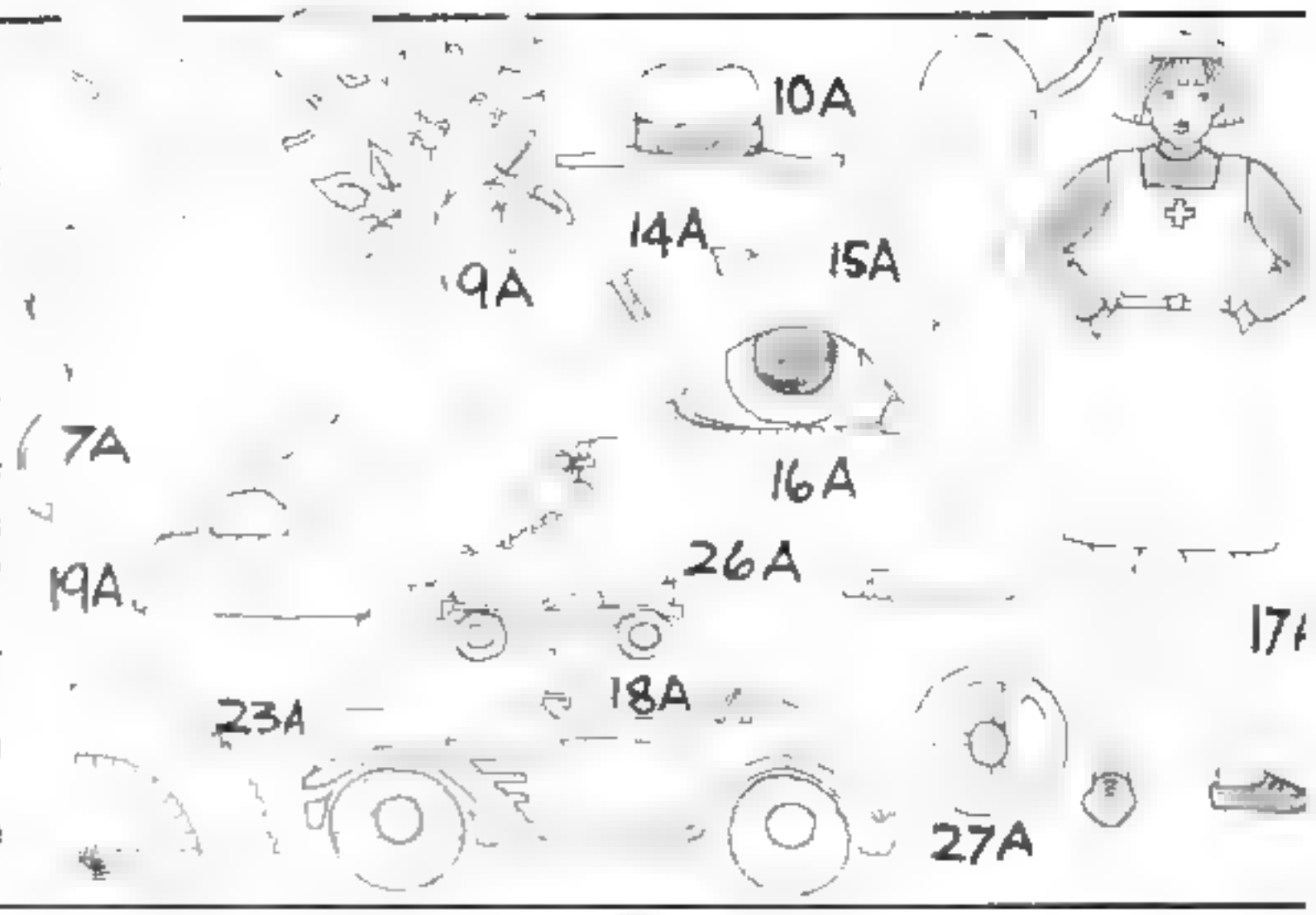
THE END

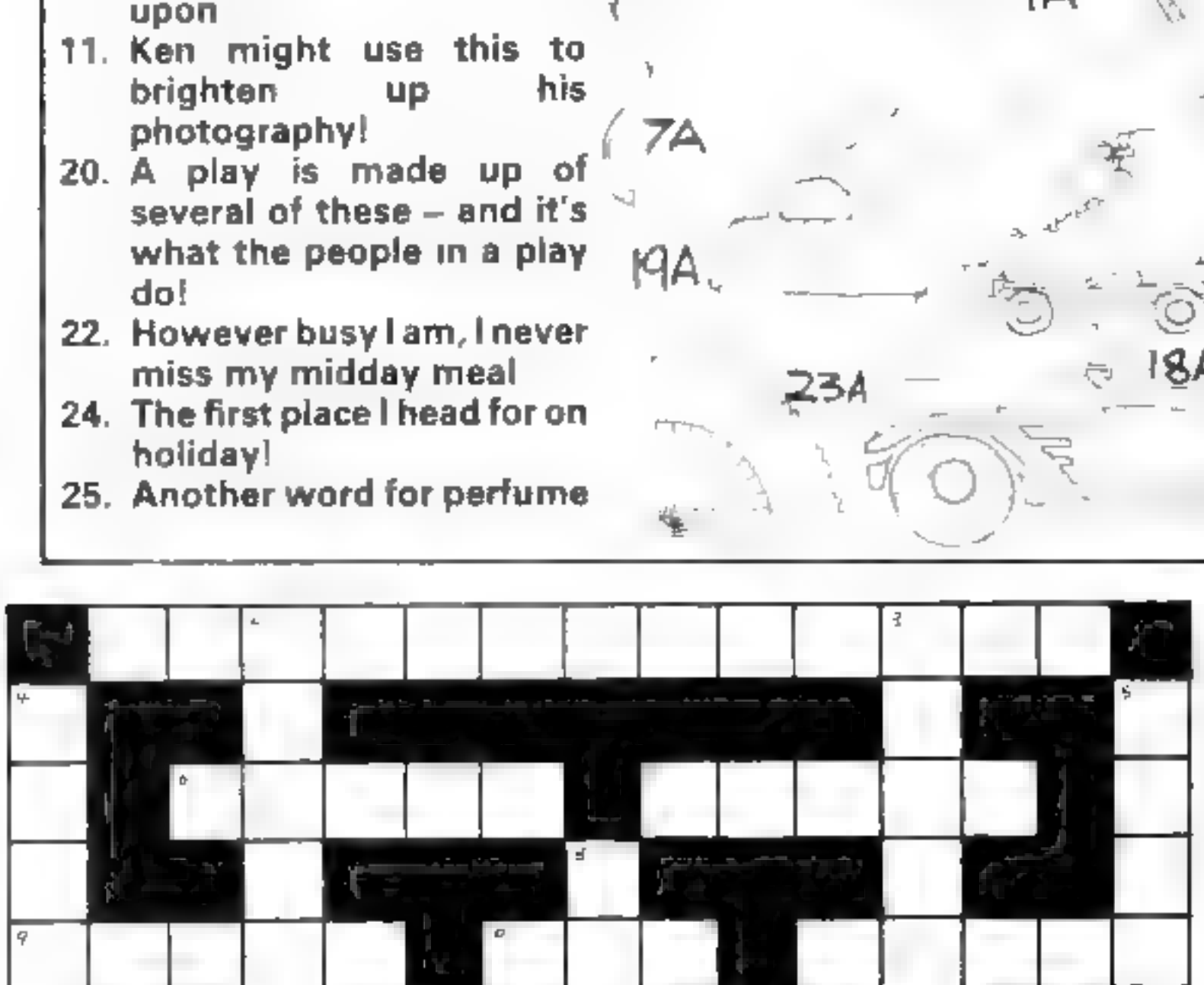
PUZZLE IT OUT!

Barbie's designed this crossword specially for you to puzzle out. Some answers have a written clue and some have a picture – see how long it takes you to solve it!

CLUES ACROSS

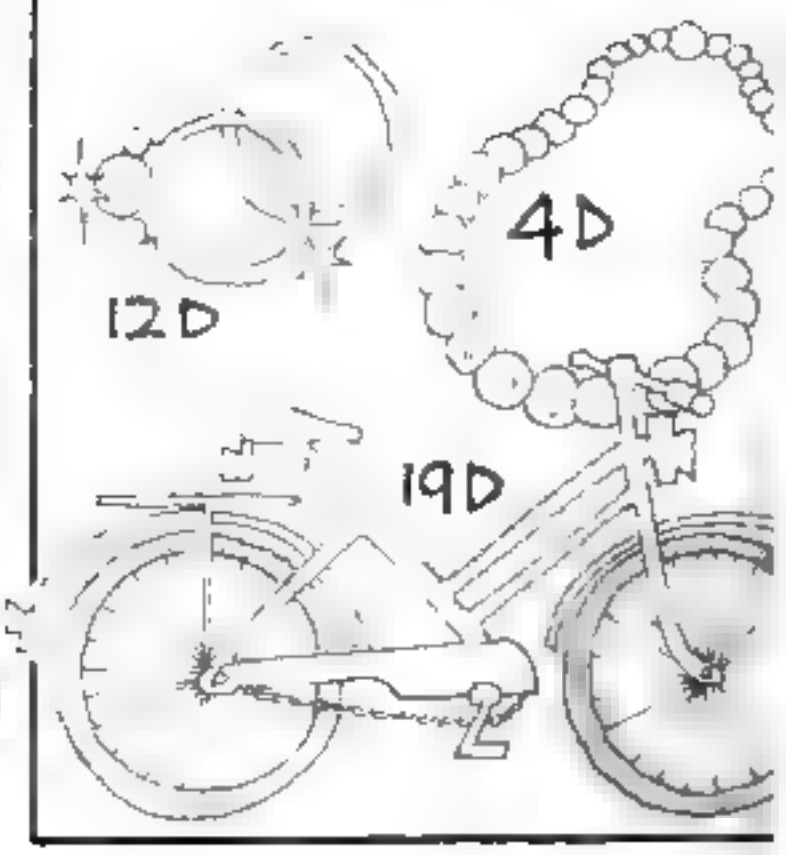
1. I do this in a rink, but not on ice!
6. A platform to perform upon
11. Ken might use this to brighten up his photography!
20. A play is made up of several of these – and it's what the people in a play do!
22. However busy I am, I never miss my midday meal
24. The first place I head for on holiday!
25. Another word for perfume





CLUES DOWN

2. How I keep in touch with my friends around the world
3. It has to be done to keep the creases out of clothes
5. The people who take my pictures ...
8. ... and a television picture-taker!
13. A fold in material, for instance in a skirt
21. A building where plays are seen



ANSWERS ON PAGE 79.

SKIPPER SOLVES A MYSTERY

"Now," Mrs Matt said on the first day of the holidays. "I've got a little job for you, Skipper."

"What is it, then?" I asked, impatient to begin it and get it over with.

"Well," she said, turning away from the sink and wiping her hands. "Mrs Jackson-next-door has got a girl staying with her."

"A baby?" I asked with interest.

Mrs M shook her head. "She's a girl your age. Well, Mrs Jackson thinks she's your age."

"Thinks?" I said. "Doesn't she know? Can't she ask her?"

"That's just it. The girl herself doesn't even know – you see she's lost her memory."

I stared at Mrs M, my mouth open

"You remember that rail crash last week – the one midway between Ledford station and Ilchester?" I nodded and she went on. "After it, this girl – they've called her Jane – was found wandering down the line on her own. She had cuts and bruises and couldn't remember who she was."

"Ooh!" I said. "It's just like a mystery story!"

"Quite," Mrs M said. "The thing is, although the social services are investigating, it all takes time. In the meantime she's staying with Mrs Jackson – and I said you wouldn't mind going round and keeping her company."

I nodded eagerly. I was really curious to find out what this girl was like. Why, she could be *anyone*.

I knocked on Mrs Jackson's door that afternoon. She seemed pleased to see me and told me that Jane was upstairs. "I think she'll be glad of some young company," she whispered confidentially as I went through the hall.

I was a bit nervous climbing the stairs. I just didn't know what to expect. Would she be a poor little waif type – little Orphan Annie in strange clothes provided by the social services? Or maybe – my imagination ran wild – maybe she was some sort of foreign princess, still wearing the gold spangled robes she'd been found in.

I don't know whether I was relieved or disappointed when a quite ordinary girl came to the door. She was just about my age, with dark hair caught up in a pony tail, dressed in jeans and a check shirt.

"Hi!" she said. "Mrs Jackson said you'd be coming round."

"Hello," I said nervously.

"It's okay, I won't bite!" she said. "Go ahead, stare all you like."

I looked away immediately. "Sorry," I said, "I didn't realise I was staring. It's just that . . . well, I didn't know what to expect."

I was really curious to find out what this girl was like. Why, she could be anyone!

She crossed to a mirror on the wall. "I know! Neither did I!" She made a face at herself. "Still," she went on, "I'm quite ordinary really. Bit of a disappointment, isn't it?"

She sat down on a bean bag under the mirror and I sat on the bed.

"After the crash – did you really not know what you looked like?" I said in awe.

She grinned. "I didn't – until I saw myself, then I sort-of recognised me."

"But, can't you honestly remember a *thing*? Weren't there any clues?"

"Nope! There was just me, wearing these clothes and a jacket. I had no suitcase or bag or anything."

"Nothing in your jacket pocket?" I asked eagerly.

"Nothing. No ticket – I must have

dropped that. All there was in the pocket was a small amount of fluff."

I giggled. "But didn't they enquire at Ilchester Station to see if anyone was waiting for you?"

"They did," she said, "because I told the police – told everyone – that I *knew* someone was waiting for me. When they enquired, though, no one was – and no one has come forward since."

My eyes widened. "A mystery!"

We spent some time in her room discussing the interesting possibilities of who she might be, and then we went back to my house so I could play her some of my records.

Only once was there any sort of clue. She was looking through one of my magazines and there was an advertisement showing a bride and groom. She looked at it and said, quite suddenly, "Do you, Teddy Tibbit, take . . ." and then her voice faded away and she looked at me, puzzled.

"Now, why on earth did I say that?" she said.

"Is Tibbit your second name, d'you think?"

She bit her lip. "I don't *think* so. It isn't that familiar."

"Maybe you were going to stay at Ilchester with someone by that name!"

"Maybe . . ."

"It's an unusual sort of name – we could try looking it up in the telephone directory!" I said, jumping up.

Of course, we didn't have the Ilchester directory downstairs, we had to go to the library for that, but though it *was* an unusual name, we drew a blank. There was only one Tibbit in there. We rang, but it was a middle-aged woman who'd only recently got back from three months in Australia. She said she didn't know anything about twelve-year-old girls or rail crashes or anything.

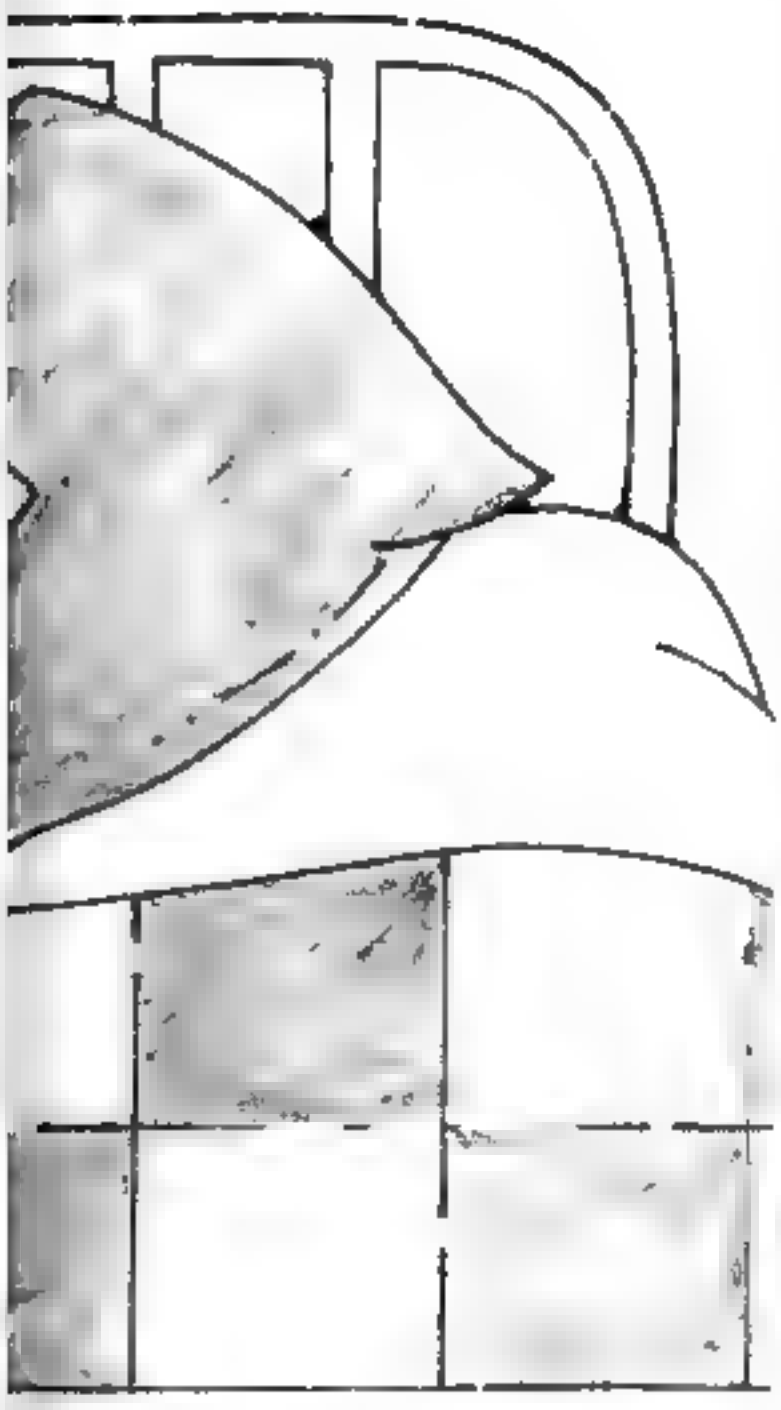
I put the phone down, disappointed, but Jane just shrugged.

"Something will happen, I know it will. And I'm feeling better just having you to talk to about it."

"I've got another idea," I said to Jane two days later, when we still hadn't got any new clues. "Why don't we go to Ilchester? You were on your way there so you must have been going for a reason. Maybe you'll recognise someone – or something."

Her face brightened. "Let's try."

We decided not to tell Mrs Jackson



or Mrs M where we were going in case they tried to stop us.

We reached Ilchester and walked round for an hour. I kept hoping people would suddenly rush up to Jane and yell, "You're my lost daughter!" but they didn't.

We went back to the station to catch the train for Ledford, both of us disappointed. It was when we were on the train, though, that the mystery began to unravel itself!

We were about halfway home when our train suddenly stopped. The rain stopped, too, so we could see outside.

"This must be right near where the accident was," Jane said. "I remember *that* much because of those big chimneys over there on the right . . ." She pointed out of the carriage to six huge factory chimneys billowing out smoke. "I saw them – and then the crash happened and when I looked at them again they were upside down because I was on the floor of the carriage."

"Jane," I said slowly, because something had just occurred to me and I was working it out in my head. "Were the chimneys on the right?"

"Of course they were! They can't have moved, can they?"

"No, but . . . if you were on your way to Ilchester then they should have been on your *left*."

She stared at me. "So they should . . . but I can remember them quite clearly – on my right and then upside down."

"So," I said, "it stands to reason that you couldn't have been on the Ilchester train. You were coming *from* Ilchester to Ledford, not the other way round."

"But . . . I . . ." She rubbed her head where a bruise was fading. "The train stopped suddenly, I fell across the carriage and hurt my head. I waited a while . . . and then I picked myself up, opened the carriage door and got out. Someone was screaming; a train had crashed."

"Right!" I said excitedly. "The train to Ilchester! Your train – the Ledford one – stopped to offer assistance, I remember it said so in the paper. *You* got out and started wandering about not knowing what you were doing, and because you'd hurt yourself they thought you were off the train that had crashed!"

Jane closed her eyes, a big smile on her face. "Yes!" she said, "it all makes sense. That's why they didn't find my case on the crashed train – it was on the other one."

"But you were sure someone was waiting . . . someone should have been at Ledford Station looking for you. Why haven't they come forward? Was it this Teddy Tibbit person?"

Jane shook her head. "Teddy and Mum are in Ibiza," she said, and then she let out a big shriek of joy. "Teddy and Mum are in Ibiza!" she repeated. "I've remembered!"

"But who's Teddy?" I squeaked, as excited as she was.

"Mum's boyfriend – no, new husband! That's why it's not my name. They got married in Ilchester and . . . and because they were going on honeymoon, put me on a train for Ledford to stay with my dad." She smiled. "I giggled when in the ceremony they said, 'Do you, Teddy Tibbit' – I always tease Teddy about it being a funny name so he bought me a teddy as a mascot!"

The train started off again but we hardly noticed.

"But how was it that you didn't remember Ilchester, if you come from there?" I asked.

"I don't *know*," she said, frowning. She closed her eyes and looked as if she was thinking deeply. "It's all sort of messy. It's like . . . like dot-to-dot . . . you start joining up the dots and suddenly different things start to come clear." She looked up, her eyes bright. "I know! I can't remember Ilchester because I've never lived there. Mum and Teddy got married there, though, they've bought a house there – and we're all going to live in it when they get back!"

"So that's why there aren't any Teddy Tibbits in the telephone directory yet!"

"Of course! They've only just got the house."

"That doesn't explain," I said, "why, when you didn't arrive at Ledbury station, your dad didn't start looking for you."

"No," she said, "I still don't get that but "

"Jane," I began, but she gave a scream

"It's not Jane, it's Hilary!"

"Hilary! You don't look like a Hilary!" I said wide-eyed.

"I am, though. Hilary Dalesworth."

"So now we know your name we can ring up your dad when we get in!"

Jane/Hilary's dad *was* in the telephone directory. We rang him up and he came round to collect her that very evening. It turned out that he'd waited and waited at Ledford Station for her, then rung her mother – only to be told that 'they'd all gone to Ibiza' by someone. Hearing that, he thought that Hilary must have gone too, and was cross because no one had told him the change of plan!

"So that's that," Jane/Hilary said, giving me a goodbye hug that evening. "Thanks for helping me."

"I enjoyed it," I said. "Is everything really clear now? Can you remember it all?"

She nodded, "All the dot-to-dots are finished. Once the picture was started, it took off and drew itself!"

"I'll miss you!" I said.

"You hardly knew me," she said, grinning. "Come to think of it, *I* hardly knew me!"

So that was the end of that. Oh yes – her suitcase and bag were found safely – someone had handed them in to the left luggage at Ledford station – and two days later I received her little Teddy Tibbit mascot through the post. She said it would be something to remember her by . . .

A BIRTHDAY TO REMEMBER

Barbie was on a modelling assignment

MESSIEUR DUPONT CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE MARVELLOUS NEW DESIGNS BY THE FABULOUS COUTURIER

And after the first number when the applause had died down

IT WAS A MARVELLOUS COLLECTION MESSIEUR

MY LITTLE ONE NOT ONE AN MODEL MY CLOTHES LIKE YOU CAN

ANTASTIC WHAT A LITTLE STAR

YOU SHOW THEM OFF SO BEAUTEE FOLLY

THEY'RE A PLEASURE TO WEAR MESSIEUR DUPONT

THAT SEES YOUR PAYMENT TO YES WELL YOU SHALL HAVE IT

BUT MESSIEUR CHILLENT

NO NO MESSIEUR DUPONT BEAUTIFUL SHOES AS FEET WERE MADE FOR YOU

OH THANK YOU MESSIEUR DUPONT SHALL TREASURE

IT'S THE MOST FANTASTIC DRESS I'VE EVER HAD I'M GOING TO WEAR IT ON SATURDAY IT'S MY BIRTHDAY AND KEN'S BOUND TO TAKE ME SOMEWHERE SPECIAL

OH HI KEN!

T'S THE TENTH BE. EvE OH AND VE GOT A R G SOCCER MATCH PHOTOGRAPHERS E.EVEN VERSUS THE . ICAL NEWSPAPER

OH WHAT ABOUT AFTER

AFTER KICK OFF'S NOT UNTIL EIGHT IT'S A FLOODLIT GAME AND I'VE GOT TO WORK DURING THE DAY

OH I SEE

OH KEN. .D'YOU KNOW WHAT NEXT SATURDAY IS?

IN THAT CASE .. TRY AND DRUM UP SOME OF MY G.RLFR.ENDS

And most of her other friends seemed to be tied up, too

NO DON T WORRY MAR E NOTHING IMPORTANT

'.. MAYBE SEE YOU SUNDAY OR MON.AY

H KATE WONDERED F YOU COULD COME TO A PARTY AT MY PLACE ON SATURDAY OH YOU RE GOIN AWAY W TH DAISY

ALL RIGHT KEN SEE YOU WHEN SEE YOU

IT'S OKAY SAL I QUITE UNDER STAND

H. H GREAT BIRTHDAY 'M GOING TO HAVE NO KEN AND NOT A FRIEND IN SIGHT WE.. THERE'S NOTHING E.SE FOR IT

And on Saturday

Just then the phone rang.

HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN AFTER ALL!

WAS IT SOMETHING SA D? RATHER THINK BARB-E S TAKEN OFFENCE ST LL THAT WAS JUST WHAT I WANTED

WELL! IF THAT DOESN'T TAKE THE BISCUIT!

I'LL TRY TO KEEP BUSY, THOUGH. MUSTN'T GET GLOOMY...

I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO – SO I MAY AS WELL PAINT MY ROOM!

Halfway through the afternoon, though...

IT'S NO GOOD, ME AND DECORATING JUST DON'T GO TOGETHER... I'M TIRED, FED UP – AND THERE'S MORE PAINT ON ME THAN THE WALLS

But just then the front door bell rang...

BLAST! WHOEVER'S THIS?

TAXI FOR MISS BARBIE!

BUT... I HAVEN'T ORDERED A TAXI!

SOMEONE HAS, MISS. I'VE GOT ORDERS TO COLLECT YOU, VERY URGENT.

MAYBE SKIPPER'S HAD AN ACCIDENT... OR KEN... OKAY, I'M COMING!

WHERE ON EARTH ARE WE GOING... THE HOSPITAL? THE POLICE STATION? I WISH HE'D HURRY!

But the taxi drew up outside the Grand Hotel...

WHAT ON EARTH...?

MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO BRING YOU HERE, MISS.

I FEEL SO AWFUL... SUCH A MESS!

And he led her to...

TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE AT THE BACK, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

BUT...ER... I WAS TOLD TO COME HERE. THE NAME'S BARBIE.

OH YES! THIS WAY PLEASE, MISS!

HURRAY!

SURPRISE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BARBIE

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BARBIE!

OH! KATE... MARIE... SAL... AND KEN! EVEN SKIPPER!

IT'S A WONDERFUL SURPRISE, KEN – I JUST WISH I COULD BE BETTER DRESSED FOR IT.

YOU LOOK LOVELY, BARBIE. YOU MAY START A WHOLE NEW TREND!

So the birthday outfit stayed in the wardrobe at home – while Barbie danced her way through her best birthday ever!

THE END

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It's good fun when you join the Barbie Friends Club. You get a regular newsletter, lots of free gifts, such as combs, badges, pencils, posters, sharpeners, a personalised certificate of membership and a Christmas card. Then of course, there is also the chance to win some of the super Barbie products when you enter the competitions. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Send a cheque for £2.50 with your name, address and birthday to:

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